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# THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

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BY

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH  
AND JOHN DOVER WILSON

## THE WINTER'S TALE





# THE WINTER'S TALE

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THE FRONTISPIECE, WHICH IS REPRODUCED FROM A  
PAINTING BY P. VAN SOMER IN THE POSSESSION OF THE  
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, SHOWS PRINCE HENRY,  
ELDEST SON OF JAMES I, CREATED PRINCE OF WALES  
1610, DIED 6TH NOVEMBER 1612



# THE WINTER'S TALE

## I

No Quarto edition of this play has been discovered; and we must therefore rely on the First Folio for our authoritative text. Most fortunately it happens to be a good one, excellent among its companions in the volume, in details which the Textual Editor will indicate and discuss.

## II

The date of the play, as we have it, can be fixed with fair exactitude. Three lines of external evidence converge upon the year 1611.

(a) Dr Simon Forman—a somewhat notorious character in his day, who combined medicine with clairvoyance—in a *MS Booke of Plaies and Notes Thereof... for Common Pollicie* (Ashmole MSS 208) records that he witnessed a performance of *The Winter's Tale* at the Globe Theatre on May 15, 1611. The entry runs:

In the Winters Talle at the glob 1611 the 15 of maye g  
Obserue ther howe Lyontes the kinge of Cicillia was over-  
com with Jelosy of his wife with the kinge of Bohemia his  
frind that came to see him, and howe he contriued his death  
and wold haue had his cup berer to haue poisoned, who  
gaue the king of Bohemia warning therof & fled with him  
to Bohemia.

Remember also howe he sent to the Orakell of Appollo  
& the Annsver of Apollo, that she was giltles and that the  
king was jelouse &c. and howe Except the child was found  
Again that was loste the kinge should die without yssue,  
for the child was carried into Bohemia & ther laid in a  
forrest & brought vp by a sheppard And the kinge of  
Bohemia his sonn married that wenche & howe they fled  
into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard hauing showed  
the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent a was

(away?) that child and the jewells found about her, she was knowen to be Leontes daughter and was then 16 yers old.

Remember also the Rog that cam in all tottered like coll pixci<sup>1</sup> and howe he feyned him sicke & to haue bin Robbed of all that he had and howe he cosened the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shep sher with a pedlers packe & ther cosened them Again of all their money And howe he changed apparrell with the kinge of Bomia his sonn, and then howe he turned Courtier &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellowss<sup>2</sup>.

This MS was first unearthed in 1836 by Collier: but its authenticity (so far as we know) is not disputed<sup>3</sup>. The same book gives valuable evidence for the dates of *Macbeth* and *Cymbeline*.

If we may draw the inference, Forman's rather elaborate description of the plot seems to indicate that *The Winter's Tale* was in May 1611 a new play.

(b) In or about the year 1789, while Malone was passing his edition of Shakespeare through the press, he obtained access to the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to James I, and therein found the following entry:

For the Kings players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewyse by mee on Mr Hemminges his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge; and I therefore returned it without a fee this 19 of August 1623.

Now Sir George Buc did not formally take over the office of Master of the Revels until August 1610, in succession to Sir Edward Tylney who died in the Octo-

<sup>1</sup> i.e. a shaggy goblin horse; v. O.E.D. 'colt-pixie'.

<sup>2</sup> From Chambers, *William Shakespeare*, ii. 340-1.

<sup>3</sup> Disputed by Dr. Tannenbaum in *Shakesperian Scraps* 1933, but authenticity vindicated in *Review of English Studies*, 1947, pp. 193 [1950].

ber of that year. But Tylney had apparently been ailing for a long while, since as early as 1603, in expectation of his demise, Buc had obtained a reversionary grant of the office and, as it appears from *The Stationers' Registers*, not seldom signed licences on behalf of the invalid. So the above entry is not absolute proof against *The Winter's Tale* having been licensed before August 1610. Still, in the absence of any evidence that it was, we may reasonably take Sir Henry Herbert's entry as corroborative of Simon Forman's.

(c) In 1842 Peter Cunningham, a clerk in the Audit Office and a well-known antiquary, discovered (or professed to discover) in the cellars of Somerset House two lost Account Books of the Revels Office for 1604-5 and 1611-12, the second of which includes an entry concerning *The Tempest* and another recording that there was acted by the King's Players on 'The 5th of November (1611): A play called Ye Winters nighte Tayle.' The authenticity of this MS became involved in a most sorrowful personal story. It was offered for purchase (in 1865) to the British Museum, the authorities of which suspected and impounded it—very properly, because anyhow it should not have come into Cunningham's possession. For various reasons, after being accepted as genuine, it was suddenly scouted as a forgery; under which stigma it remained until, in 1911, Mr Ernest Law, having gone into the matter and sifted it thoroughly, in his *Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries*, vindicated the genuineness of the book and poor Cunningham's innocence on the worse charge<sup>1</sup>. The entry—for many more

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Introduction to *The Tempest* in this edition: and, for a summary of the affair, the present writer's *Shakespeare's Workmanship*, pp. 302-312. The Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, Mr A. E. Stamp, in his *Disputed Revels Accounts reproduced in Collotype Facsimile* (Shakespeare Association, 1930), has spoken the latest, and we think the final, word.



years than Hermione under denouncement—stands to-day accepted.

To support this converging *external* evidence, we may add, (*d*) the suggestion that Ben Jonson in his induction to *Bartholomew Fair* (1612-14) intended a topical hit at Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *Winter's Tale* together in the passage 'If there be never a *Servant monster* i' the Fayre, who can help it, he sayes; nor a nest of *antiques*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his Plays, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*.' The coincidence at least is curious. We need not make much of it. But the protestation of some, that Jonson—belonging to Shakespeare's Company at that date—could not have indulged in such an expression, scarcely indicates acquaintance with the characters of the two men. From all we know of them, this is just the thumped-out chaff that Jonson could not deny himself and Shakespeare would smile at.

(*e*) Still on Jonson—Professor Thorndike<sup>1</sup> has drawn from his Masque *Oberon*, acted at Court on January 1, 1611, a suggestion that may help us to fix the date of *The Tale* yet more closely. The main part of this masque was taken by a chorus of Satyrs who sang a song to the Lady Moon, and the stage-direction goes on—

*The Song ended: they fell suddenly into an anticke dance, full of gesture, and swift motion, and continued it, till the crowing of the cock: At which they were interrupted by Silenus.*

Comparing this with the dance in our Play (4. 4.) of twelve Satyrs, Professor Thorndike argues that either Jonson must have borrowed from the public stage—that is, from *The Winter's Tale*—the idea of this antic dance for the Court masque, or Shakespeare must have borrowed this popular novelty from the masque. The second alternative is far more probable, because of the great importance of the Court masques and the desire for

<sup>1</sup> *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher upon Shakespeare.*

novelty in them, and because the public may naturally be supposed to have been anxious to see a reproduction. Professor Thorndike reminds us that actors from the theatres were drawn upon for these Court performances, and he bids us note how the Servant introduces the Satyrs in our Play.—

One three of them by their own report, sir, *hath danced before the King*: and not the worse of the three but jumps twelve feet and a half by the Squire (yard measure).

‘It is still more probable because an anti-masque in Beaumont’s *Masque of the Inner Temple* is obviously made use of in a similar way in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Finally, we may note that the dance is an integral part of the Masque of Oberon, while it is a mere addition to the Play.’

If Professor Thorndike’s argument convinces us, we must even narrow down our date of composition from 1611 to the early part of that year, between January 1, when the *Masque of Oberon* was presented at Court, and May 15, when Forman saw *The Winter’s Tale* enacted at the Globe.

Happily we find this date or something near it—at any rate the conclusion drawn from the above *external* evidence that here we have one of Shakespeare’s last Plays—supported by all the usual *internal* tests of metre, etc. The language, so frequently involved and compacted, belongs to his later manner; speeches begin and end in the middle of a line<sup>1</sup>; save in the Prologue to Act 4 no five-measure verses rhyme; ‘light’ and ‘weak’ endings

<sup>1</sup> The ‘speech-ending test.’ König (*Der Vers in Shakespeare’s Drama*)—our reference is borrowed from Dr Moorman’s introduction to this play in ‘The Arden Shakespeare’) gives 87.6 as the percentage of speeches ending with an incomplete line in *The Winter’s Tale*, 85.5 in *The Tempest*, 85 in *Cymbeline*.

abound<sup>1</sup>. All these are accepted *stigmata* of a 'late' Play: and these again support conclusions at which some lovers of Shakespeare may have arrived through critical attention to his style and workmanship. With a few of these we shall presently deal after pushing some ordinary furniture out of the way.

### III

For the title—A 'winter's tale' means, as it has always meant, just an 'old wives' tale'—a tale told by the chimney-corner, maybe to children before they go to bed, maybe to cronies sitting up late. It might be some legend of an ancient house, exaggerated in report, or a

<sup>1</sup> Dr Ingram in 1874 (*Transactions of The New Shakespeare Society*) tabulated the Plays by their number of 'light endings,' such as *are, is, may*; and 'weak endings,' such as *and, by, if, of*. 'His calculable table gives an ascending series from *Love's Labour's Lost*, wherein there are but three light endings, up to *The Winter's Tale* wherein out of 1825 lines of verse in the play, 57 have a light ending and 43 a weak ending, or a percentage of both together of 5.48' (Furness).

It would be a mistake, of course, to accept 'weak ending' for a necessarily invidious or slighting term, or even as less than an occasional grace of usage. Shakespeare, as playwright and actor, relied on his players (as he should rely upon *us*, his silent readers) to interpret his own delicate and loose-running rhythm. Thus—for an instance from 1. 2., which contains other like endings—

I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to

Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born—

no intelligent actor would speak the first line in thumping iambic, coming down upon the 'to' as if it were 'toe.' He would lay just as much extra stress upon 'safer' as allows him to carry the 'to' over to the next line with a natural rapidity. So with

bold oxlips and

The crown imperial

in Perdita's famous and lovely speech.

fairly-tale, or a family-curse, or anything to make you look over your shoulder, of ghosts, goblins, 'things that go bump in the night.' Young Mamillius in this play had heard such.—Says his mother to him in the nursery—

- Pray you, sit by us,  
And tell's a tale.
- Mamillius.* Merry, or sad, shall't be?  
*Hermione.* As merry as you will.  
*Mamillius.* A sad tale's best for winter. I have one  
Of sprites and goblins.  
*Hermione.* Let's have that, good sir.  
Come on, sit down, come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful  
at it.  
*Mamillius.* There was a man—  
*Hermione.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.  
*Mamillius.* Dwelt by a churchyard... I will tell it softly,  
Yon crickets shall not hear it...

—the sort of tale (as one may define it), concerning the gentry and their mysteries, that a child, escaping from his nursery, may gather from hints of gossip in servants' hall or housekeeper's room ('little pitchers having long ears')—something eerie, concerning *his* forbears, keeping him awake, to piece it fearfully in his little mind.

## IV

That is all the title designates or conveys; and, for the Tale itself, everyone knows whence Shakespeare fetched it: from a prose romance *Pandosto: The Triumph of Time* written by his old enemy Robert Greene—the same that in 1592 had found him worth a death-bed curse as 'an upstart crow, beautiful with our feathers,' etc. *Pandosto* first appeared in 1588, was republished in 1607 under the new title *Dorastus and Fawnia* (names of the hero and heroine), and ran to many subsequent editions (Gollancz says, no less than fourteen); was translated at least twice into French, dramatised in French, also in

Dutch. Its popularity lasted well into the eighteenth century, *teste* Collier, who says that 'it was printed as a chap-book as recently as the year 1735.'

We who read Greene's tale now—whether in Carew Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library* or in Furness, or in Mr P. G. Thomas's modernised spelling (1907)—may be puzzled over this popularity as well as puzzled why Greene himself never, so far as is known, dramatised it. Anyhow Greene had (if our date be correct) been dead nineteen years, and his story had reached its third impression in 1609, before Shakespeare beautified his play with the novel's feathers, just as he had derived *As You Like It* out of Lodge's *Rosalynde*. To make a play out of another man's novel was no plagiarism in those days: but we may speculate on the language Robert Greene's ghost used about it.

It really seems an idle waste of industry to go searching about for other possible sources when we have (besides other coincidences) the words of the Oracle in *Pandosto* staring us in the face<sup>1</sup>.

#### *The Oracle*

Suspition is no prooffe: ielousie is an unequall iudge: *Bellaria* is chast: *Egistus* blameless: *Franion* a true subject: *Pandosto* treacherous: his babe an innocent, and the King shal live without an heire: if that which is lost be not founde.

The filiation is so evident that there seems little need to enquire curiously into what other sources Shakespeare may conceivably have dipped, as to enumerate small phrases in the play borrowed from the novel. Yet, since we have just now mentioned the Oracle, one little debt may be mentioned. Shakespeare has been laughed at for placing this shrine of Apollo at Delphi in the island (!) of

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare altered the names of the characters. Transferred from Greene *Bellaria* = *Hermione*, *Egistus* = *Polixenes*, *Franion* = *Camillo*, *Pandosto* = *Leontes*.

Delphos. But Greene's novel—and Greene was a 'Maister of Artes in Cambridge'—says explicitly that the jealous King sent 'sixe of his noble men whome he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the Oracle of Apollo,' etc. To the Elizabethan classical-romantics Delphi, the god's oracular seat, and the isle of Delos his birthplace and other shrine, might easily be one and the same—in geography 'nigh enough and no matter.'

Nor is it worth while here to pursue the question whence Greene fetched the framework of a story so plainly, in incident and *grace*, derivative from old Greek prose romances—such as Longus his *Daphnis and Chloe*, Heliodorus his *Theagenes and Charicles*, Achilles Tatius his *Clitophon and Leucippe*, or such a tale as must have furnished Plautus with the plot of *Rudens*. Oracles, shipwrecks, royal infants exposed on mountain-sides or cast adrift on perilous seas to be rescued by poor folk and nurtured as shepherd boys and cottage maids; pastoral love-making daisy-chains, sheepfolds prowled about by bear or wolf—*triste stabulis*—pirates who tear the lovers apart; pursuit by the swain, coincident search by desolated or repentant parents, rescue and recognition by the aid of tokens (which Aristotle, by the way, condemns as the worst form of *ἀναγνώρισις*): all these belong to the outfit of 'classical' romance which the Renaissance brought back into fashion, superseding the romances of Chivalry and their equally conventional stock-in-trade—such as the Poet who falls asleep on May-morning, or the distressed Damsel in the forest, or the magic Robe testing chastity. The change of fashion is quite apparent in Sidney's *Arcadia* (1580), and Greene pillages the revived wardrobe at will.

Shakespeare follows him in this and—bating a few glaring anachronisms—in keeping closely to the classical atmosphere, with only such liberties as the habit of his time would easily allow. On this point, Professor F. W.

Moorman, introducing this play in 'The Arden Shakespeare,' cannot be bettered.

No Christian sentiment (he remarks) is permitted to fall from the lips of any of the characters in the stress of the conflict to which they are subjected. It is Jove and the 'good goddess Nature' that Paulina invokes in order that Hermione's child may be saved from the yellow taint of jealousy, and the trust of the wronged Queen is ever in the 'divine Apollo.' Perdita at the shepherd's feast makes poetic allusion to Jupiter, bright Phoebus, Lady Fortune, Juno's eyes, Cytherea's breath and Dis's waggon, in a way that would seem grossly unnatural in a simple shepherdess, were we not to understand that she is a shepherdess brought up in a time when these deities were the objects of daily worship.

In the last Act Leontes, welcoming Florizel and Perdita, calls on the gods to purge the air for their arrival; and Hermione, descended from her pedestal, lifts her hands praying—

You gods look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head!

## V

We shall postpone examining what Shakespeare was hoping or trying to do with this Romance of Greene's, turning it to drama, until we have noted what he actually did with the plot. The main structural differences are these.—

(1) In *Pandosto* (we shall use Shakespeare's names) Leontes' jealousy is made slow and by increase plausible. Shakespeare weakens the plausibility of it as well by ennobling Hermione—after his way with good women—as by huddling up the jealousy in its motion so densely that it strikes us as merely frantic and—which is worse in drama—a piece of impossible improbability. This has always and rightly offended the critics, and we may be

forgiven for a secret wish, in reading Act 1, Scene 2, to discover some break or gap to which one might point and argue, for Shakespeare's credit, 'Here is evidence of a cut by the stage manager's or some other hand, to shorten the business.' But the scene runs connectedly, with no abruptness save in Leontes' behaviour; which indeed confounds Camillo, on the stage, hardly less than it shocks us, in the audience. Nor can we find any need to abbreviate for theatrical convenience, seeing that *Cymbeline* outruns our play in length, while *Hamlet* and *Antony and Cleopatra* extend to something like 4000 lines apiece. The explanation, to our mind, lies deeper and touches the very heart of what Shakespeare, in his later plays, was trying to do: and with this we shall have later, briefly, to deal. But for the moment we must continue (in the tradition of editors) to enumerate the more important of Shakespeare's improvements upon Greene's story.

(2) For some reason best known to himself he makes Bohemia and Sicily change places. Casually, too, Bohemia finds itself in the unexpected (and so often admired) possession of a sea-board. Jonson began to deride this in one of his reported talks with Drummond of Hawthornden; and successive editors have waded ashore upon that coast, to condemn or to explain it. For our part we think it occurs happily enough in a play where the Oracle of Apollo finds itself mixed up with the Emperor of Russia, Whitsun pastorals, and Puritans singing hymns to bagpipes: and to our mind the final criticism upon this little lapse was uttered long ago by Corporal Trim in his story of *The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles*.—

The unfortunate King of Bohemia, said Trim.... Was he unfortunate, then? cried my uncle Toby....

The King of Bohemia, an't please your honour, replied the Corporal, was unfortunate in this:—that taking great pleasure in navigation and all sort of sea-affairs;—and there



*happening* throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia to be no sea-port town whatever—

...How the deuce should there, Trim? cried my uncle Toby: For Bohemia being totally inland, it could have happened no otherwise.

...It might, said Trim, if it had pleased God—etc.

(3) We can see no warrant for tracing Hermione's restoration back to the *Alcestis*: and the *coup de théâtre* of the living statue is not in Greene, in the latter part of whose story (4) the King involves himself in an unpleasant business which the play avoids. (5) As we have seen, Shakespeare changed the characters' names; taking Florizel, maybe, from *Amadis de Gaule* (Book ix), Autolycus somehow from the *Odyssey*, and five out of Sidney's *Arcadia*.

## VI

But all this seems to us trivial in comparison with the enquiry, What in this play was Shakespeare trying to do?

When, towards the close of the last century, through the pains of many scholars, the chronological order of Shakespeare's plays had been roughly determined, sundry critics at once detected in the last few of them a notable change of atmosphere, a tenderness, a mellowness, consonant with the sun-setting of a great genius. This, no doubt, they over-sentimentalised, provoking sterner critics to detect merely a decline of power.

For our part we see no reason why these two views should conflict. In those last years there were not to be—probably there could not be—any more *Hamlets*, *Othellos*, *Lears*: but a great master's ambition may yet grow while his hand is failing: he may yet, confident in his old virtuosity, aspire to do something never before attempted with success. Now, of these two opponent sets of critics, whom we may summarise as *A* and *B*, the former is undoubtedly right to the extent of perceiving

that Shakespeare was set on doing a new thing, and a most difficult thing, the difficulty lying in its very nature. No one can study the last plays without recognising a man possessed with the idea of *reconcilement*; of creating a world in which the sins of the fathers are not visited on the children. But reconcilement, forgiveness, is a slow process by contrast with the conflict of will and passion, which declare themselves in bold sudden strokes. It is therefore peculiarly difficult to handle as a spectacle in the short 'traffic of our stage'; especially difficult to handle when the wrongs of the parents have to be atoned in the loves of their grown-up children. For some obvious reasons we must leave *King Henry VIII* out of account. But in *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, by various devices, he strives to bring this haunting idea of his into accord with dramatic Unity of Time. In this play of ours, having to skip sixteen years after Act 3, he desperately drags in Father Time with an hour-glass, and not only makes him apologise for sliding over the interval, but uses him as prologue to a second intrigue.—

Imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia, and remember well  
I mentioned a son o'th' king's, which Florizel  
I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita.

—Which means on interpretation that Shakespeare, having proposed to himself a drama in which a wronged woman has to bear a child, who has to be lost for years and restored to her as a grown girl, simply did not know how to do it, save by invoking some such device. At length, after many essays, in *The Tempest* he did achieve the impossible thing and compress the story into one single, brief movement.

## VII

But the critic whom we have called *B* has in *The Winter's Tale* opportunities enough of arguing a decline of power, and pointing for evidence to faults and even absurdities of construction compared with which the anachronisms on which so many editors have dwelt appear but trivial. Let a few be instanced:

(a) The Oracle. 'It seems,' says Coleridge, 'a mere indolence in the great bard not to have provided in the oracular response (Act 2, Sc. 2) some ground for Hermione's seeming death and sixteen years' voluntary concealment'; and Coleridge even suggests how it could have been conveyed, in a single sentence of fifteen words. Shakespeare let the opportunity go. The resurrection of Hermione thus becomes more startling, but at a total loss of dramatic irony.

(b) Next let us take Antigonus, with the deep damnation of his taking-off. The child Perdita is laid on the sea-shore, with wealth in jewels and the evidence of her high parentage beside her. All we have now to do as a matter of stage-workmanship is to efface Antigonus. But why introduce a bear? The ship that brought him is riding off the coast of Bohemia and is presently engulfed with all her crew. The clown sees it all happen. Then why, in the name of economy, not engulf Antigonus with the rest—or, better still, as he tries to row aboard? If anyone ask this editor's private opinion, it is that the Bear-Pit in Southwark, hard by the Globe Theatre, had a tame animal to let out, and the Globe management took the opportunity to make a popular hit.

(c) Next for Autolycus: He is a delightful rogue, as Dr Simon Forman found him, and as we all like to recognise him. But as a factor in the plot, though from the moment of his appearance he seems to be constantly and deliberately intriguing, in effect he does nothing at all. As a part of the story he is indeed so negligible that

Mary Lamb in the *Tales from Shakespeare* left him out altogether. Yet Autolycus is just the character that Charles and Mary Lamb delighted in. Possibly Shakespeare meant to make a great deal of him, carefully elaborated him to take a prominent and amusing part in the recognition scene, tired of it all, and suddenly, resolving to scamp the Leontes-Perdita recognition scene, smothered him up along with it. As for his pedigree, we may allow the curious to trace it back even to the god Mercury, so long as we remember that, for the stage, and for this play, he is Shakespeare's child: the learned may trace him, on the clue of his name, back through Lucian's *Discourses on Judicial Astrology* and Golding's Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, xi. 313),

*Alipedis de stirpe dei, versuta propago,  
Nascitur Autolycus, furtum ingeniosus ad omne;*

to the *Odyssey*, to his own claim that he was 'littered under Mercury,' that light-fingered god (*Odyssey*, xix. 392 sqq.); in the which passage the Nurse, washing Odysseus' feet, recognises the old scar of a boar's tusk which he had taken in a hunt, long since—

*Παρνησόνδ' ἐλθόντα μετ' Αὐτόλυκόν τε καὶ νῆας,  
μητρὸς ἐῆς πατέρ' ἐσθλόν, ὃς ἀνθρώπους ἐκέκαστο  
κλεπτοσύνη θ' ὄρκῳ τε· θεὸς δέ οἱ αὐτὸς ἔδωκεν  
'Ερμείας....*

Chapman paraphrases—

Autolycus, who th'art  
Of theft and cunning (not out of the heart)  
But by equivocation first adorn'd  
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd  
By Jove's descend'nt ingenious Mercury.

Chapman's translation (pub. 1606) may well have come into Shakespeare's hands long before it saw print. Anyhow, through Golding or through Chapman, we get the derivation (Autolycus = very wolf) of the name and the sort of fellow to fit it.

But we have not yet done with Greene and Shakespeare's 'borrowings' from him. For let anyone turn to Greene's *Second Part of Conny-catching* (1592), he will find the trick played by Autolycus on the Clown so exactly described as to leave no doubt that poor Greene was again drawn upon.—

*A kind conceit of a Foist performed in Paules.*

While I was writing this discovery of foysting, and was desirous of any intelligence that might be given mee, a Gentleman, a friend of mine, reported unto me this pleasant tale of a foist, and as I well remember it grew to this effect. There walked in the middle walke a plaine Country farmer, a man of good wealth, who had a well lined purse, onely barely thrust up in a round slop, which a crue of foists having perceived, their hearts were set on fire to have it, and every one had a fling at him, but all in vaine, for he kept his hand close in his pocket, and his purse fast in his fist like a subtil churle, that either had been forward of Pauls, or els had afortune smokt some of that faculty. Well, howeuer it was impossible to do any good with him he was so warie. The foists spying this, strained their wits to the highest string how to compasse this bounge, yet could not all their politike conceits fetch the farmer over, for iustle him, chat with him, offer to shake him by the hand, all would not serue to get his hand out of his pocket. At last one of the crue that for his skill might have bene Doctorat in his misterie, amongst them all choose out a good foist, one of a nimble hand and great agility, and said to the rest thus: Masters it shall not be said such a base peasant shall slip away from such a crue of Gentlemen foists as wee are, and not have his purse drawn, and therefore this time Ile play the staull my selfe, and if I hit him not home, count mee for a bungler for ever, and so left them and went to the farmer and walkt directly before him and next him three or foure turnes; at last standing still, he cried alas honest man helpe me, I am not well, and with that sunck downe suddenly in a sown. The pore Farmer seeing a proper yong Gentleman (as hee thought) fall dead afore him, stept to him, helde him in his armes, rubd him and chaft him: at this there gathered a great multitude of people about him, and the whilst the Foiste drew the farmers purse and away....

(d) But the greatest fault of all, to our thinking—worse even than the huddling-up in Act I—is the manner in which the play mishandles Leontes' recognition of Perdita. It has been defended, to be sure. Gervinus even goes so far as to argue that 'the poet has *wisely* placed this event behind the scenes, otherwise the play would have been too full of powerful scenes.' If, having promised ourselves a mighty thrill in the great master's fashion, we really prefer two or three innominate gentlemen entering and saying, 'Have you heard?' 'You don't tell me!' 'No.' 'Then have you lost a sight'—why then, that is the sort of thing we prefer and there is no more to be said. But let it be pointed out that this use of the *oratio obliqua* nowise resembles the Messengers' Tales in Greek tragedy. These related bloody deeds, things not to be displayed on the stage. But here we have a question of simple *ἀναγνώρισις*—Leontes recognising Perdita as his child; and the Greek tragedians never weaken the dramatic effect of *ἀναγνώρισις* by removing it out of sight of the audience. *Ἀναγνώρισις* (Recognition) and *περιπέτεια* (Reversal of Fortune) are in fact the two hinges upon which all Greek drama turns.

But apart from our own natural expectation, and apart from all rule of tragic workmanship, let us test Gervinus' apology by what we know of Shakespeare; who never flinched from cumulative effect, but on the contrary habitually revelled in it. Did he suffer us to lose that breathless moment when Sebastian and Viola stand and gaze and con each the other, incredulous?

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!

Did he cast Lear's recognition of Cordelia into *oratio obliqua*? Did he cut out anything from *Macbeth* or from *Hamlet* or from *Lear* because 'otherwise the play would have been too full of powerful scenes'? In Leontes' recognition of his daughter there is nothing at all to weaken—rather everything to strengthen, and lead

up to, and heighten—the great recognition of Hermione. ‘It was, I suppose,’ says Johnson, ‘only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and after the examination of the old shepherd, the young Lady might have been recognized in sight of the spectators.’

## VIII

Paulina has been generally praised, and can hardly be praised too highly: she recalls, and is akin with, some figures of Shakespeare’s best and most ‘forgetive’ years. And Hermione has received the consideration of many critics. Of her we note only, as we may note of Imogen and Katharine, that in these later plays Shakespeare habitually equals and sometimes excels himself when he speaks poetry through the lips of a wronged woman. It has been a favourite part with many great actresses.

Nor need we dwell here on the Sheep-shearing Scene; for this transcends and defies criticism.

## IX

On the whole, then—and although it has sundry times succeeded on the stage, and the reader finds it (as Warburton observed) ‘with all its absurdities, very entertaining’—most lovers of Shakespeare will confess to a feeling of disappointment, even after allowance made for the almost impossible task which Shakespeare in his later plays was essaying. Without *The Tempest*—in which he finally succeeded, albeit at some cost of dramatic ‘movement’—to vindicate our defence, we must grant that the many critics who detect evidence of ‘failing powers’ in his later plays have a great deal to say for themselves, and say it with particular effect about

*The Winter's Tale*. 'Tragedy' and 'Comedy' may be academical definitions, their dividing fence to be leapt at any time by a man who has nerve and skill to do it. But, after all, they imply two definitely different dramatic purposes. And the equally academic terms of 'Melodrama' and 'Romantic Drama' (this latter so often invoked to excuse or explain Shakespeare) are equally unhelpful. For in this play the tragedy and comedy are not woven; its first and second halves are disparate; while each, as we have seen, presents flagrant specimens of inferior artistry; a huddled-up First Act and a hopelessly scamped and huddled-away situation in Act 5. Also these two parts have had to be divided by a Chorus which is, in itself, an admission that the thing cannot be managed save by 'the indulgence of our kind friends in front.'<sup>1</sup>

Yet further, as we have seen, the carpentry gapes, is in places left with episodes not dovetailed, so that this play never fits into our mind as a whole. We may excuse it again on the ground that to turn a novel into a play is, and must always be, a most difficult feat; and that when Shakespeare tried it in Lodge's *Rosalynde* he made a pretty poor mess of it until he got his characters to Arden and let his fancy play. But *As You Like It* manages to leave a single impression: is compact on it almost as severely as *Othello* is compact, sealed. *The Winter's Tale* leaves no such *total* memory. We think of it in parts, we remember it by single verses—

I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes . . .  
Stars, stars,  
 And all eyes else dead coals!

<sup>1</sup> Note that the excuse of 'Time' in this play differs from that of the Choruses in *King Henry V*. Those had apologised for the narrowness of the stage as a platform for wide action: they wanted *space*. Shakespeare's later Prologues excuse the playwright's inability to compress and concentrate *time*.



Or we remember it by the full-charactered Paulina, fit companion for any woman, young or old—or of men, either, in the long gallery of Shakespeare's invention: she standing out by her tenacious courage and cunning, as Perdita stands out—as, be it observed, all the maidens in these later plays stand out—yes and the wife Imogen too—Cordelia, Perdita, Miranda, in a simple, almost divine, dignity; almost compelling one to doubt if any actress of less than high blood could enact these parts with the unconscious grace they demand. But and anyhow we suggest that, when *The Winter's Tale* comes to our mind, nine out of ten of us forget its shreds and patches, and think, with a glance at Autolycus, mainly of that Sicilian scene and Perdita handing out to each one the flowers she had culled—

O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon!...

The beauty of that setting, and of its language, must always redeem this play for the reader, as the slow descent of Hermione from her pedestal must ever hold the breath of a spectator. The one effect comes of sheer poetry, the other belongs to the art of the theatre: in both of which Shakespeare, spite of any drawback or difficulty, had learnt, with a careless ease, to excel. He has so managed it, anyhow, that Florizel and Perdita, no active persons in the drama—as afterwards Ferdinand and Miranda—find themselves the centre of it, being young and natural and therefore in love.

Q.

## TO THE READER

The following is a brief description of the punctuation and other typographical devices employed in the text, which have been more fully explained in the *Note on Punctuation* and the *Textual Introduction* to be found in *The Tempest* volume:

An obelisk (†) implies corruption or emendation, and suggests a reference to the Notes.

A single bracket at the beginning of a speech signifies an 'aside.'

Four dots represent a *full-stop* in the original, except when it occurs at the end of a speech, and they mark a long pause. Original *colons* or *semicolons*, which denote a somewhat shorter pause, are retained, or represented as three dots when they appear to possess special dramatic significance. Similarly, significant *commas* have been given as dashes.

Round brackets are taken from the original, and mark a significant change of voice; when the original brackets seem to imply little more than the drop in tone accompanying parenthesis, they are conveyed by commas or dashes.

In plays for which both Folio and Quarto texts exist, passages taken from the text not selected as the basis for the present edition will be enclosed within square brackets. Lines which Shakespeare apparently intended to cancel, have been marked off by frame-brackets.

Single inverted commas (') are editorial; double ones (" ") derive from the original, where they are used to draw attention to maxims, quotations, etc.

The reference number for the first line is given at the head of each page. Numerals in square brackets are placed at the beginning of the traditional acts and scenes.



# THE WINTER'S TALE

The scene: now in Sicilia, now in Bohemia

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia*

MAMILLIUS, *young Prince of Sicilia*

CAMILLO	} <i>four Lords of Sicilia</i>
ANTIGONUS	
CLEOMENES	
DION	

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia*

FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia*

OLD SHEPHERD, *reputed father of Perdita*

CLOWN, *his son*

AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue*

*A Mariner*

*A Gaoler*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes*

PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione*

PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus*

EMILIA, *a Lady*

MOPSA	} <i>shepherdesses</i>
DORCAS	

*Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers and Servants,  
Shepherds and Shepherdesses*

TIME, *as Chorus*

## THE WINTER'S TALE

[1. 1.] *Sicilia. A long gallery in the palace of Leontes, with doors at either end; chairs, tables, etc.*

*'Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS'*

*Archidamus.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Camillo.* I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Archidamus.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed...

*Camillo.* Beseech you...

10

*Archidamus.* Verily I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence...in so rare...I know not what to say...We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses (unintelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Camillo.* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

*Archidamus.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Camillo.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia...They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters (though not personal) have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters,

20

loving embassies—that they have seemed to be together,  
though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced  
as it were from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens  
30 continue their loves.

*Archidamus.* I think there is not in the world, either  
malice or matter, to alter it.... You have an unspeakable  
comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentle-  
man of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

*Camillo.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of  
him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the  
subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches  
ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Archidamus.* Would they else be content to die?

40 *Camillo.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they  
should desire to live.

*Archidamus.* If the king had no son, they would desire to  
live on crutches till he had one. [*they pass out of hearing*]

[1. 2.] *'Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS,  
POLIXENES,' and attendants; Leontes, Hermione and  
Polixenes sit, Mamillius plays with toys*

*Polixenes.* Nine changes of the wat'ry star hath been  
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burthen: time as long again  
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks,  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher  
(Yet standing in rich place), I multiply,  
With one 'We thank you,' many thousands mo  
That go before it.

*Leontes.* Stay your thanks a while,  
10 And pay them when you part.

*Polixenes.* Sir, that's to-morrow...  
I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance

Or breed upon our absence, that may blow  
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say  
'This is put forth too truly'... Besides, I have stayed  
To tire your royalty.

*Leontes.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

*Polixenes.* No longer stay.

*Leontes.* One se'nnight longer.

*Polixenes.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leontes.* We'll part the time between's then : and in that  
I'll no gainsaying.

*Polixenes.* Press me not, beseech you, so:  
There is no tongue that moves... none, none i'th' world, 20  
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,  
Were there necessity in your request, although  
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder  
Were (in your love) a whip to me; my stay,  
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

*Leontes.* Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

*Hermione.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,  
until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay: you, sir,  
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure 30  
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction  
The by-gone day proclaimed—say this to him,  
He's beat from his best ward.

*Leontes.* Well said, Hermione.

*Hermione.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:  
But let him say so then, and let him go;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs....

[to *Polixenes*] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure



The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
 40 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission  
 To let him there a month behind the gest  
 Prefixed for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,  
 I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind  
 What Lady She her lord....You'll stay?

*[Leontes rises and draws apart, observing  
 Hermione and Polixenes unobserved]*

*Polixenes.* No, madam.

*Hermione.* Nay, but you will?

*Polixenes.* I may not, verily.

*Hermione.* 'Verily!'

You put me off with limber vows: but I,  
 Though you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,  
 Should yet say, 'Sir, no going'...Verily  
 50 You shall not go; a lady's Verily 'is  
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?  
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
 Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees  
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?  
 My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread Verily,  
 One of them you shall be.

*Polixenes.* Your guest then, madam:  
 To be your prisoner should import offending;  
 Which is for me less easy to commit  
 Than you to punish.

*Hermione.* Not your gaoler then,  
 60 But your kind hostess....Come, I'll question you  
 Of my lord's tricks and yours, when you were boys:  
 You were pretty lordings then?

*Polixenes.* We were, fair queen,  
 Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
 But such a day to-morrow, as to-day,  
 And to be boy eternal.

*Hermione.* Was not my lord  
 The verier wag o'th' two?  
*Polixenes.* We were as twinned lambs, that did frisk  
 i'th' sun,  
 And bleat the one at th'other: what we changed  
 Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
 The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed  
 That any did...Had we pursued that life,  
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared  
 With stronger blood, we should have answered heaven  
 Boldly 'not guilty'; the imposition cleared,  
 Hereditary ours. 70

*Hermione.* By this we gather  
 You have tripped since.  
*Polixenes.* O my most sacred lady,  
 Temptations have since then been born to's: for  
 In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;  
 Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes  
 Of my young play-fellow.

*Hermione.* Grace to boot! 80  
 Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
 Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on,  
 [*Leontes comes softly forward from behind, unseen*  
 Th'offences we have made you do we'll answer,  
 If you first sinned with us; and that with us  
 You did continue fault; and that you slipped not  
 With any, but with us.

*Leontes.* Is he won yet?  
*Hermione* [*turns*]. He'll stay, my lord.  
*(Leontes.* At my request he would not...  
 [*aloud*]) *Hermione*, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
 To better purpose.

*Hermione.* Never?  
*Leontes.* Never, but once.

90 *Hermione.* What? have I twice said well? when was't  
before?

I prithee tell me: cram's with praise, and make's  
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,  
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;  
What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!  
100 But once before I spoke to th' purpose? When?  
Nay, let me have't: I long.

*Leontes.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbéd months had soured themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter  
'I am yours for ever.'

*Hermione.* 'Tis Grace, indeed....  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th' purpose twice:  
The one, for ever earned a royal husband;  
Th'other, for some while a friend.

*[she gives her hand to Polixenes; they  
rise and talk apart]*

*(Leontes [sits, watching them].)* Too hot, too hot:  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
110 I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances,  
But not for joy; not joy.... This entertainment  
May a free face put on; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent: 't may; I grant:  
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
As now they are, and making practised smiles  
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere

The mort o'th' deer; O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows....Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

*Mamillius* [*looks up from play*]. Ay, my good lord.

*Leontes*. I'fecks! 120

Why, that's my bawcock....What! hast smutched thy  
nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine....[*he wipes the boy's face*]

Come, captain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

Are all called 'neat'....Still virginalling

Upon his palm....How now, you wanton calf?

Art thou my calf?

*Mamillius*. Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leontes*. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that  
I have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are

Almost as like as eggs; women say so 130

(That will say any thing!) but were they false

As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false

As dice are to be wished, by one that fixes

No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true

To say this boy were like me....Come, sir page,

Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?

[*Hermione and Polixenes draw within hearing*]

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:

Thou dost make possible things not so held,

Communicat'st with dreams—how can this be?— 140

With what's unreal thou coactive art,

And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent

Thou mayst co-join with something, and thou dost

(And that beyond commission) and I find it,

(And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hard'ning of my brows.) [he muses

*Polixenes.* What means Sicilia?

*Hermione.* He something seems unsettled.

*Polixenes* [his hand on *Leontes*' shoulder]. How, my lord!

*Leontes* [rouses]. What cheer? how is't with you, best  
brother?

*Hermione.* You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

150 Are you moved, my lord?

*Leontes.* No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!

Its tenderness! and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil

Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbrecched,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove

(As ornaments oft do) too dangerous...

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

160 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

*Mamillius.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leontes.* You will? why, happy man be's dole! My  
brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we

Do seem to be of ours?

*Polixenes.* If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:

He makes a July's day short as December;

170 And with his varying childness cures in me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leontes.* So stands this squire  
 Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,  
 And leave you to your graver steps....Hermione,  
 How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;  
 Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:  
 Next to thyself and my young rover, he's  
 Apparent to my heart.

*Hermione.* If you would seek us,  
 We are yours i'th' garden: shall's attend you there?

*[they move off]*

*Leontes.* To your own bents dispose you: you'll be  
 found,  
 Be you beneath the sky...*[aside]* I am angling now, 180  
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.

*[they pause at the door laughing at some jest]*

Go to, go to!  
 How she holds up the neb! the bill to him!  
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
 To her allowing husband! *[they go out]* Gone already,  
 Inch-thick, knee-deep! O'er head and ears a forked  
 one....

Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I  
 Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue  
 Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour  
 Will be my knell....Go, play, boy, play. 'There have  
 been

190

(Or I am much deceived) cuckolds ere now,  
 And many a man there is (even at this present,  
 Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by th'arm,  
 That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence,  
 And his pond fished by his next neighbour (by  
 Sir Smile, his neighbour): nay, there's comfort in't,  
 Whiles other men have gates, and those gates opened,  
 As mine, against their will. Should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
200 Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none:  
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful...think it...  
From east, west, north, and south! be it concluded,  
No barricado for a belly....know't,  
It will let in and out the enemy,  
With bag and baggage...many thousand on's  
Have the disease, and feel't not....How now, boy?  
Mamillius. I am like you, they say.

Leontes. Why, that's some comfort.

What! Camillo there?

210 Camillo [*comes forward*]. Ay, my good lord.

Leontes. Go play, Mamillius. Thou'rt an honest man...  
[*the boy runs off*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Camillo. You had much ado to make his anchor hold,  
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leontes. Didst note it?

Camillo. He would not stay at your petitions, made  
His business more material.

Leontes. Didst perceive it?

[*aside, striking his forehead*]

They're here with me already; whip'ring, rounding:

'Sicilia is a—so-forth': 'tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last....How came't, Camillo,

220 That he did stay?

Camillo. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leontes. At the queen's be't: 'good,' should be per-  
tinent,

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks....not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes  
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

*Camillo.* Business, my lord? I think most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leontes.* Ha!

*Camillo.* Stays here longer. 230

*Leontes.* Ay, but why?

*Camillo.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leontes.* Satisfy?

Th'entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?

Let that suffice....I have trusted thee, *Camillo*,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-counsels, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleansed my bosom; ay, from thee departed  
Thy penitent reformed: but we have been  
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived 240  
In that which seems so.

*Camillo.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leontes.* To bide upon't: thou art not honest: or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,  
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining  
From course required: or else thou must be counted  
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool,  
That seest a game played home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

*Camillo.* My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful— 250  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Among the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,



If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I played the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
260 Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allowed infirmities, that honesty  
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass  
By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leontes.* Ha' not you seen, Camillo  
(But that's past doubt: you have, or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or heard  
270 (For to a vision so apparent rumour  
Cannot be mute) or thought (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think)  
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say  
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

*Camillo.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
280 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

*Leontes.* Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh (a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty)? horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes 290  
Blind with the pin and web but theirs; theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?  
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing,  
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,  
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*Camillo.* Good my lord, be cured  
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes,  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leontes.* Say it be, 'tis true.

*Camillo.* No, no, my lord.

*Leontes.* It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

*Camillo.* Who does infect her?

*Leontes.* Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging  
About his neck—Bohemia! who, if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour, as their profits 310  
(Their own particular thrifts) they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou  
His cupbearer, whom I from meaner form  
Have benched and reared to worship, who mayst see  
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,  
How I am galled, mightst bespice a cup,

To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me, were cordial.

*Camillo.* Sir, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
320 But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress  
(So sovereignly being honourable!)  
†T'have loved the—

*Leontes.* Make that thy question, and go rot!  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets  
(Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps),  
330 Give scandal to the blood o'th' prince my son  
(Who I do think is mine, and love as mine),  
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

*Camillo.* I must believe you, sir,  
I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:  
Provided, that when he's removed, your highness  
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,  
†Even for your son's sake, and thereby forestalling  
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

*Leontes.* Thou dost advise me,  
340 Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Camillo.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
And with your queen...I am his cupbearer,  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account me not your servant.

*Leontes.* This is all:

Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;

Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Camillo.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Leontes.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. 350

*[he goes out]*

*Camillo.* O miserable lady....But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master; one,  
Who in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too....To do this deed,  
Promotion follows...If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourished after, I'd not do't: but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one, 360  
Let villainy itself forswear't....I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck....Happy star reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

*POLIXENES enters, perplexed*

*(Polixenes.)* This is strange: methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak!

*[he sees Camillo]*

Good day, Camillo.

*Camillo.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Polixenes.* What is the news i'th' court?

*Camillo.* None rare, my lord.

*Polixenes.* The king hath on him such a countenance  
As he had lost some province, and a region  
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him 370  
With customary compliment, when he,

Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and  
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding  
That changes thus his manners.

*Camillo.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Polixenes.* How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and  
dare not?

Be intelligent to me—'tis thereabouts:

For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,  
380 And cannot say you dare not....Good Camillo,  
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine changed too: for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus altered with't.

*Camillo.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper, but  
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught  
Of you, that yet are well.

*Polixenes.* How! caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have looked on thousands, who have sped the better  
390 By my regard, but killed none so...Camillo—  
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto  
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns  
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle—I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge  
Thereof to be informed, imprison't not  
In ignorant concealment.

*Camillo.* I may not answer.

*Polixenes.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
I must be answered....Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
400 I conjure thee, by all the parts of man  
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least

Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

*Camillo.* Sir, I will tell you,  
Since I am charged in honour and by him  
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,  
Which must be even as swiftly followed, as  
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me  
Cry 'lost,' and so good night! 410

*Polixenes.* On, good *Camillo*.

*Camillo.* I am appointed him to murder you.

*Polixenes.* By whom, *Camillo*?

*Camillo.* By the king.

*Polixenes.* For what!

*Camillo.* He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,  
As he had seen't, or been an instrument  
To vice you to't, that you have touched his queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Polixenes.* O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly, and my name  
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunned,  
Nay hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard or read! 420

*Camillo.* †Swear this thought over  
By each particular star in heaven and  
By all their influences! you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As or by oath remove or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation

430 Is piled upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

*Polixenes.* How should this grow?

*Camillo.* I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you  
Shall bear along impawned, away to-night!  
Your followers I will whisper to the business,  
And will by twos and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o'th' city: for myself, I'll put  
440 My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost....Be not uncertain,  
For by the honour of my parents I  
Have uttered truth: which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth:  
Thereon his execution sworn.

*Polixenes.* I do believe thee:  
I saw his heart in's face....Give me thy hand,  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and  
450 My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago....This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive  
He is dishonoured by a man which ever  
Professed to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
460 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo,  
I will respect thee as a father, if

Thou bear'st my life off. Hence: let us avoid.

*Camillo.* It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness  
To take the urgent hour....Come, sir, away. [*they go*]

*Some hours pass*

[2. 1.] *HERMIONE enters with her ladies and MAMILLIUS: they sit, the Queen and some of the ladies at one end of the gallery, the rest at the other*

*Hermione.* Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow?

*Mamillius.* No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

*Mamillius.* You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still....I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

*Mamillius.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen. 10

2 *Lady.* Who taught' this?

*Mamillius.* I learned it out of women's faces....Pray now  
What colour are your eyebrows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mamillius.* Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose  
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

1 *Lady.* Hark ye,  
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince  
One of these days, and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.



2 Lady.

She is sprcad of late

20 Into a goodly bulk (good time encounter her!)

*Hermione.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir,  
now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,  
And tell's a tale.

*Mamillius* [comes over]. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

*Hermione.* As merry as you will.

*Mamillius.* A sad tale's best for winter: I have one  
Of sprites and goblins.

*Hermione.* Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down, come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

*Mamillius.* There was a man—

*Hermione.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.  
[*he climbs upon her knee*]

30 *Mamillius*. Dwelt by a churchyard...I will tell it softly,  
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

*Hermione.* Come on then.

And give't me in mine car. *[they whisper together*

*LEONTES enters, with ANTIGONUS, lords and a guard;  
he pauses near the door*

*Leontes.* Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them, never  
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them  
Even to their ships.

*Leontes.* How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!  
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed,  
In being so blest! There may be in the cup

40 A spider steeped, and one may drink, depart,  
And yet partake no venom (for his knowledge  
Is not infected): but if one present

Th'abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
 With violent hefts: I have drunk, and seen the spider....  
 Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:  
 There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
 All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain  
 Whom I employed was pre-employed by him:  
 He has discovered my design, and I  
 Remain a pinched thing; yea, a very trick  
 For them to play at will...How came the posterns  
 So easily open?

50

I Lord. By his great authority,  
 Which often hath no less prevailed than so  
 On your command.

Leontes. I know't too well....

*[coming forward, he roughly snatches up Mamillius  
 from Hermione's lap]*

Give me the boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:  
 Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
 Have too much blood in him.

Hermione. What is this? sport?

Leontes. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her,  
 Away with him! and let her sport herself  
 With that she's big with—for 'tis Polixenes  
 Has made thee swell thus.

60

Hermione. But I'd say he had not,  
 And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,  
 Howe'er you lean toth' nayward. *[they carry the boy away]*

Leontes. You, my lords,  
 Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
 To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and  
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add  
 'Tis pity she's not honest...honourable':  
 Praise her but for this her without-door form

70 (Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight  
The shrug, the hum or ha!—these petty brands  
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,  
That mercy does, for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,  
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between  
Ere you can say 'she's honest': but be't known,  
(From him that has most cause to grieve it should be)  
She's an adultress.

*Hermione.* Should a villain say so  
(The most replenished villain in the world),  
80 He were as much more villain... You, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

*Leontes.* You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said  
She's an adultress, I have said with whom:  
More; she's a traitor, and Camillo is  
90 A fedary with her, and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself  
But with her most vile principal...that she's  
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

*Hermione.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this...How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have published me? Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
100 You did mistake.

*Leontes.* No: if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The Centre is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top....Away with her to prison:  
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,  
But that he speaks.

*Hermione.* There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient, till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable....Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have 110  
That honourable grief lodged here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The king's will be performed!

*Leontes* [*to the guard, stamping his foot*]. Shall I be heard?

*Hermione.* Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your  
highness,

My women may be with me, for you see  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,  
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress  
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears 120  
As I come out: this action I now go on  
Is for my better grace....Adieu, my lord!  
I never wished to see you sorry, now  
I trust I shall....My women come, you have leave.

*Leontes* [*to the guard*]. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*they lead the Queen away; her ladies follow*]

1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

*Antigonus.* Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice  
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,  
Yourself, your queen, your son,

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,  
130 I dare my life lay down and will do't, sir,  
Please you t'accept it, that the queen is spotless  
I'th'eyes of heaven, and to you—I mean  
In this which you accuse her.

*Antigonus.* If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her;  
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;  
For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,  
If she be.

*Leontes.* Hold your peaces.

1 *Lord.* Good my lord—  
140 *Antigonus.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:  
You are abused, and by some putter-on  
That will be damned for't; would I knew the villain,  
† I would lam-damn him... Be she honour-flawed,  
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
The second and the third, nine and some five;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,  
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,  
And I had rather glib myself, than they  
150 Should not produce fair issue.

*Leontes.* Cease, no more!  
You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and feel't,  
As you feel doing thus... [*he tweaks his nose*] and see withal  
The instruments that feel.

*Antigonus.* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty,  
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leontes.* What! lack I credit?

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,  
Upon this ground: and more it would content me  
To have her honour true than your suspicion, 160  
Be blamed for't how you might.

*Leontes.* Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this, but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness  
Imparts this: which if you, or stupefied,  
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not  
Relish a truth like us...inform yourselves  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all  
Properly ours.

*Antigonus.* And I wish, my liege, 170  
You had only in your silent judgement tried it,  
Without more overture.

*Leontes.* How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool...Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity  
(Which was as gross as ever touched conjecture,  
'That lacked sight only, nought for approbation  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to th' deed) doth push on this proceeding:  
Yet, for a greater confirmation 180  
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild), I have dispatched in post  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuffed sufficiency: now from the oracle  
They will bring all—whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop or spur me....Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leontes. Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
 190 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
 Give rest to th' minds of others; such as he,  
[points at Antigonus]

Whose ignorant credulity will not  
 Come up to th' truth.... So have we thought it good,  
 From our free person she should be confined,  
 Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence  
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,  
 We are to speak in public; for this business  
 Will raise us all.

(Antigonus. To laughter, as I take it,  
 If the good truth were known. [they go]

[2. 2.] *The outer room of a prison in Sicilia*

*PAULINA, a gentleman, and attendants enter*

Paulina. The keeper of the prison, call to him;  
 Let him have knowledge who I am....  
[the gentleman goes; Paulina  
 paces up and down  
 Good lady,

No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
 What dost thou then in prison?

*The gentleman returns with the Gaoler.*

Now, good sir,  
 You know me, do you not?  
 Gaoler [bows]. For a worthy lady,  
 And one whom much I honour.

Paulina. Pray you then,  
 Conduct me to the queen.

Gaoler. I may not, madam.  
 To the contrary I have express commandment.

*Paulina.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
Th'access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,  
To see her women? any of them? Emilia? 10

*Gaoler.* So please you, madam,  
To put apart these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.

*Paulina.* I pray now, call her...  
Withdraw yourselves. [*the attendants depart*]

*Gaoler.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

*Paulina.* Well: be't so: prithee. [*the Gaoler goes*]  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring....

*The Gaoler returns with EMILIA*

Dear gentlewoman, 20  
How fares our gracious lady?

*Emilia.* As well as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together: on her frights and griefs  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)  
She is, something before her time, delivered.

*Paulina.* A boy?

*Emilia.* A daughter—and a goodly babe,  
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't: says, 'My poor prisoner,  
I am innocent as you.'

*Paulina.* I dare be sworn...  
These dangerous unsafe lunes i'th' king, beshrew them! 30  
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me,  
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister,  
And never to my red-looking anger be  
The trumpet any more...Pray you, Emilia,



Commend my best obedience to the queen,  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show't the king and undertake to be  
Her advocate to th' loud'st.... We do not know  
40 How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails.

*Emilia.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue: there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand... Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,  
Who, but to-day, hammered of this design,  
50 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be denied.

*Paulina.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from't  
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emilia.* Now be you blest for it!  
I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

[*she goes*]  
*Gaoler.* Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,  
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Paulina.* You need not fear it, sir:  
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is  
60 By law and process of great nature thence  
Freed and enfranchised—not a party to  
The anger of the king, nor guilty of  
(If any be) the trespass of the queen.

*Gaoler.* I do believe it.

*Paulina.* Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*they follow Emilia*]

[2. 3.] *The gallery in the palace (as before)*

*LEONTES pacing to and fro alone*

*Leontes.* Nor night, nor day, no rest: it is but weakness  
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If  
The cause were not in being...part o'th' cause,  
She, th'adultrous...for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level of my brain: plot-proof: but she  
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again...[*knocking at the door*]  
Who's there?

*A servant enters*

*Servant.* My lord!

*Leontes.* How does the boy?

*Servant.* He took good rest to-night; 10  
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

(*Leontes.* To see his nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply,  
Fastened and fixed the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languished....[*remembers the servant*])

Leave me solely: go,  
See how he fares... [the servant goes]

Fie, fie! no thought of him—

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mightily,  
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,  
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,

Take it on her...Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor  
Shall she, within my power. [*he sits, lost in his thoughts*]

*PAULINA, with a baby in her arms, enters through the door  
at the other end of the gallery, followed swiftly by her  
husband ANTIGONUS, lords, and the servant, who try to  
prevent her*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paulina.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
30 More free than he is jealous.

*Antigonus.* That's enough.

2 *Servant.* Madam; he hath not slept to-night, com-  
manded

None should come at him.

*Paulina.* Not so hot, good sir,  
I come to bring him sleep....'Tis such as you,  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings...such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true;  
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leontes [turns].* What noise there, ho?

40 *Paulina.* No noise, my lord, but needful conference,  
About some gossips for your highness.

*Leontes.* How!

Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,  
I charged thee that she should not come about me,  
I knew she would.

*Antigonus.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,

She should not visit you.

*Leontes.* What! canst not rule her?

*Paulina.* From all dishonesty he can: in this—  
Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me for committing honour—trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Antigonus.* La you now! you hear! 50  
When she will take the rein I let her run,  
[*aside*] But she'll not stumble.

*Paulina.* Good my liege, I come...  
And I beseech you hear me, who profess  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seem yours....I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leontes.* Good queen!

*Paulina.* Good queen, my lord, good queen, I say  
good queen, 60  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leontes.* Force her hence.

*Paulina.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me; on mine own accord, I'll off,  
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen  
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter—  
Here 'tis...[*she lays the child before him*] commends it to  
your blessing.

*Leontes.* Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:  
A most intelligencing bawd!

*Paulina.* Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you 70  
In so entitling me: and no less honest

Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leontes.*

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? [*to Antigonus*] Give her the  
bastard,

Thou dotard—thou art woman-tired, unroosted  
By thy Dame Partlet here... Take up the bastard,  
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

*Paulina.*

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess, by that forc'd baseness

80 Which he has put upon't!

*Leontes.*

He dreads his wife.

*Paulina.* So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt,  
You'd call your children yours.

*Leontes.*

A nest of traitors!

*Antigonus.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paulina.*

Nor I; nor any

But one that's here; and that's himself: for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not  
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compelled to't) once remove

90 The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak or stone was sound.

*Leontes.*

A callet

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,  
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine,  
It is the issue of Polixenes....

Hence with it, and together with the dam  
Commit them to the fire!

*Paulina.*

It is yours;

And, might we lay th'old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip, 100  
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:  
And, thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's!

*Leontes.*

A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hanged,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Antigonus.*

Hang all the husbands 110

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

*Leontes.*

Once more, take her hence.

*Paulina.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

*Leontes.*

I'll ha' thee burnt.

*Paulina.*

I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hinged fancy) something savours  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, 120  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leontes.*

On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her!

[*they make to thrust her forth*]

*Paulina.* I pray you, do not push me, I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours: Jove send her  
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?

[*they lay hold of her*

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.

130 So, so: farewell, we are gone. [*she goes*

*Leontes.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.  
My child! away with't! Even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consumed with fire;  
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine...If thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
140 The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,  
For thou set'st on thy wife.

*Antigonus.* I did not, sir:  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

*Lords.* We can; my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leontes.* You're liars all.

1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better credit:  
We have always truly served you, and beseech'  
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg  
150 (As recompense of our dear services,  
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue [*they fall upon their knees*]...

We all kneel.

*Leontes.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? better burn it now  
Than curse it then....But be it: let it live....  
It shall not neither....[*to Antigonus*] You, sir, come you  
hither;

You, that have been so tenderly officious  
With Lady Margery, your midwife there, 160  
To save this bastard's life; for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey....What will you adventure  
To save this brat's life?

*Antigonus.* Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left  
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

*Leontes.* It shall be possible...[*draws*] Swear by this  
sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Antigonus* [*his hand upon the hilt*]. I will, my lord.

*Leontes.* Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail 170  
Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife  
(Whom for this time we pardon). We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it  
(Without more mercy) to it own protection  
And favour of the climate: as by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, 180  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
That thou commend it strangely to some place  
Where chance may nurse or end it: take it up.

*Antigonus.* I swear to do this; though a present death



Had been more merciful....[*he takes up the child*] Come  
on, poor babe!

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity....Sir, be prosperous

190 In more than this deed does require; and blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemned to loss! [*he bears away the child*  
*Leontes.* No! I'll not rear

Another's issue.

*A servant enters*

*Servant.* Please your highness, posts  
From those you sent to th'oracle are come  
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to th' court.

1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond accompt.

*Leontes.* Twenty three days  
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells  
200 The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear...Prepare you, lords,  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady: for as she hath  
Been publicly accused, so shall she have  
A just and open trial....[*he muses*] While she lives,  
My heart will be a burthen to me....Leave me,  
And think upon my bidding. [*they go*]

[3. 1.] *Before an inn upon a high road in Sicilia*

*CLEOMENES and DION, easing their legs, as they  
wait for fresh horses*

*Cleomenes.* The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,  
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits  
(Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i'th'off'ring!

*Cleomenes.* But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'th'oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, 10  
That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If th'event o'th' journey  
Prove as successful to the queen (O be't so!)  
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't.

*Cleomenes.* Great Apollo,  
Turn all to th' best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business; when the oracle  
*[he takes a packet from his bosom]*

(Thus by Apollo's great divine sealed up)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20  
Even then will rush to knowledge....Go: fresh horses!  
And gracious be the issue! *[they turn back]*

[3. 2.] *A Court of Justice; on a platform at the back a chair of state with LEONTES seated thereon, his lords and officers about him. A great concourse of people*

*Leontes.* This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,  
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one  
Of us too much beloved....Let us be cleared  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt or the purgation...  
Produce the prisoner.

*Officer.* It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen  
10 Appear in person, here in court.

*HERMIONE (pale and stricken) is brought in guarded, PAULINA and ladies attending. Murmurs of anger and sympathy from the crowd*

*Officer.* Silence!

*Leontes.* Read the indictment.

*Officer [reads].* 'Hermione, queen to the worthy  
Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and ar-  
raigned of high treason, in committing adultery with  
Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo  
to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy  
royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circum-  
stances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the  
20 faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and  
aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.'

*Hermione.* Since what I am to say must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation, and  
The testimony on my part no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me  
To say 'not guilty': mine integrity,

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so received....But thus, if powers divine  
Behold our human actions (as they do),  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make 30  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience....You, my lord, best know  
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though devised  
And played to take spectators. For behold me,  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
A moiety of the throne....a great king's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing 40  
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief (which I would spare): for honour,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for....I appeal  
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrent I  
Have strained t'appear thus: if one jot beyond 50  
The bound of honour, or in act or will  
That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry fie upon my grave!

*Leontes.*

I ne'er heard yet,

That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.

*Hermione.*

That's true enough,

Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leontes.* You will not own it.

*Hermione.* More than mistress of  
60 Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge....For Polixenes  
(With whom I am accused) I do confess  
I loved him, as in honour he required;  
With such a kind of love as might become  
A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not to have done, I think had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had  
spoke,

70 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes, though it be dished  
For me to try how: all I know of it,  
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves  
(Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.

*Leontes.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

*Hermione.* Sir,  
80 You speak a language that I understand not:  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

*Leontes.* Your actions are my dreams.  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dreamed it! As you were past all shame  
(Those of your fact are so), so past all truth;  
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as  
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it (which is indeed  
More criminal in thee than it) so thou

Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death. 90

*Hermione.* Sir, spare your threats:  
The bug which you would fright me with I seek:  
To me can life be no commodity:  
The crown and comfort of my life (your favour)  
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went. My second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort  
(Starred most unluckily!) is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth, 100  
Haled out to murder. Myself on every post  
Proclaimed a strumpet: with immodest hatred  
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried  
Here, to this place, i'th'open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed...  
But yet hear this: mistake me not: no life!—  
I prize it not a straw—but for mine honour, 110  
Which I would free...If I shall be condemned  
Upon surmises (all proofs sleeping else  
But what your jealousies awake) I tell you,  
'Tis rigour and not law....Your honours all,  
I do refer me to the oracle;  
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request  
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*officers depart*]

*Hermione.* The Emperor of Russia was my father:  
O that he were alive, and here beholding 120  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see

The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!

*Officers return with GLEOMENES and DION*

*Officer.* You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,  
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought  
This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered  
Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then  
You have not dared to break the holy seal,  
130 Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleomenes, Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leontes.* Break up the seals and read.

*Officer [reads].* 'Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.'

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!

*Hermione.* Praised!

*Leontes.* Hast thou read truth?

*Officer.* Ay, my lord, even so  
As it is here set down.

*Leontes.* There is no truth at all i'th'oracle:  
140 The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

*A servant enters in great haste*

*Servant.* My lord the king...the king!

*Leontes.* What is the business?

*Servant.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it!  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

*Leontes.* How! gone!

*Servant.* Is dead.

*Leontes.* Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints*] How now there!

*Paulina.* This news is mortal to the queen: look down  
And see what death is doing.

*Leontes.* Take her hence:  
Her heart is but o'ercharged: she will recover....  
I have too much believed mine own suspicion: 150  
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life....

[*Paulina and ladies carry Hermione away*]

Apollo, pardon  
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,  
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy...  
For being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
Camillo for the minister to poison  
My friend Polixenes: which had been done, 160  
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
My swift command; though I with death, and with  
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,  
And filled with honour) to my kingly guest  
Unclasped my practice, quit his fortunes here  
(Which you knew great) and to the certain hazard  
Of all incertainties himself commended,  
No richer than his honour...How he glisters  
Thorough my rust! and how his piety 170  
Does my deeds make the blacker!



*PAULINA returns**Paulina.*

Woe the while!

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paulina.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling,  
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny  
(Together working with thy jealousies,  
180 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine) O, think what they have done,  
And then run mad indeed: stark mad! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing—  
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,  
Thou wouldst have poisoned good Camillo's honour,  
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
190 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,  
To be or none or little; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't:  
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts  
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemished his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer: but the last... O lords,  
When I have said, cry 'woe!' The queen, the queen,  
200 The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead! and vengeance  
for't

Not dropped down yet.

1 *Lord.*

The higher powers forbid!

*Paulina.* I say she's dead: I'll swear't. If word nor  
oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods....But, O thou tyrant!  
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee  
To nothing but despair....A thousand knees  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

210

*Leontes.*

Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserved  
All tongues to talk their bitt'rest.

1 *Lord.*

Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I'th' boldness of your speech.

*Paulina.*

I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent: alas, I have showed too much  
The rashness of a woman: he is touched  
To th' noble heart....What's gone, and what's past help,  
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction  
At my petition; I beseech you, rather  
Let me be punished, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now (good my liege!)  
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:  
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;  
I'll not remember you of my own lord,

220

- 230 (Who is lost too)...Take your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

*Leontes.* Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth; which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son.  
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear (unto  
Our shame perpetual). Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there  
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature  
240 Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me  
To these sorrows. [they go]

[3. 3.] *A desert part of Bohemia near the sea*

*ANTIGONUS carrying the babe, with a mariner*

*Antigonus.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath  
touched upon  
The deserts of Bohemia?

*Mariner.* Ay, my lord, and fear  
We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon's.

*Antigonus.* Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard,  
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee.

- 10 *Mariner.* Make your best haste, and go not  
Too far i'th' land: 'tis like to be loud weather;  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon't.

*Antigonus.* Go thou away,  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mariner.* I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o'th' business. [*he goes*]

*Antigonus.* Come, poor babe...  
I have heard (but not believed) the spirits o'th' dead  
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appeared to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another— 20  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So filled, and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay: thrice bowed before me,  
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes  
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her. 'Good Antigonus,  
Since fate (against thy better disposition)  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe according to thine oath, 30  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep and leave it crying; and for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita  
I prithee call't...For this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more'...and so, with shrieks  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber...Dreams are toys,  
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously, 40  
I will be squared by this. I do believe,  
Hermione hath suffered death, and that  
Apollo would (this being indeed the issue  
Of King Polixenes) it should here be laid

(Either for life or death) upon the earth  
Of its right father....*[he lays down the child]* Blossom,  
speed thee well!

There lie, and there thy character: there these,  
*[he sets a box and papers beside it]*  
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,  
And still rest thine....*[thunder heard]* The storm begins!

Poor wretch,

- 50 That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed  
To loss, and what may follow! Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds: and most accursed am I,  
To be by oath enjoined to this. Farewell!  
The day frowns more and more; thou'rt like to have  
A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day. *[a noise of hunters]* A  
savage clamour!  
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase—  
I am gone for ever! *[‘Exit pursued by a bear’]*

*An old Shepherd comes up*

- Shepherd.* I would there were no age between ten and  
60 three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest;  
for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches  
with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.  
Hark you now! Would any but these boiled-brains of  
nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They  
have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the  
wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have  
them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of ivy....*[seeing the child]*  
Good-luck (an't be thy will) what have we here?  
Mercy on's, a barne? a very pretty barne! A boy or a  
70 child, I wonder?—a pretty one, a very pretty one! Sure,  
some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read  
waiting-gentlewoman in the scape: this has been some

stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity—yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now....Whoa, ho ho!

*CLOWN approaches from behind and shouts in his ear*

*Clown.* Hilloa, loa!

*Shepherd* [*starts*]. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither...What ailest thou, man? 80

*Clown* [*as in a trance*]. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky—betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shepherd.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clown.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point...O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with 90 yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead.... And then for the land-service! to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman...But to make an end of the ship—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them: and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

*Shepherd.* Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clown.* Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these 100 sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

*Shepherd.* Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

(*Clown*. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

*Shepherd*. Heavy matters, heavy matters...but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee;  
110 look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! [*points to the box*] look thee here, take up, take up, boy; open't... So, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling...Open't: what's within, boy?

*Clown* [*opens the box*]. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shepherd*. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with't, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but  
120 secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clown*. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shepherd*. That's a good deed: if thou mayest discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

*Clown*. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him  
130 i'th' ground.

*Shepherd*. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*they go*]

[4. 1.]            '*Enter TIME, the Chorus*'

*Time*. I that please some, try all: both joy and terror  
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error.  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings...Impute it not a crime

To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried  
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass—  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was, 10  
Or what is now received: I witness to  
The times that brought them in, so shall I do  
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
The glistering of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it...Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,  
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving—  
Th'effects of his fond jealousies so grieving  
That he shuts up himself—imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20  
In fair Bohemia, and remember well  
I mentioned a son o'th' king's, which Florizel  
I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wond'ring: what of her ensues,  
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news  
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's  
daughter,  
And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now; 30  
If never, yet that Time himself doth say  
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*exit*



[4. 2.] *Bohemia. A room in the palace of Polixenes*

*POLIXENES and CAMILLO*

*Polixenes.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

*Camillo.* It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay (or I o'erween to think so) which is another spur to my departure.

- 10 *Polixenes.* As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot), to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of  
20 that fatal country Sicilia prithee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother, whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

- Camillo.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince:  
30 what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (missingly) noted he is of late much retired from

court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

*Polixenes.* I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care—so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate. 40

*Camillo.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Polixenes.* That's likewise part of my intelligence: but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of 50 Sicilia.

*Camillo.* I willingly obey your command.

*Polixenes.* My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.  
[they go]

[4. 3.] *Bohemia. A field-path leading to a stile, hard by the Shepherd's cottage*

*AUTOLYCUS, clad in a ragged frieze jerkin, comes across the meadow, singing blithely; then pauses by the stile, leaning upon his staff*

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why then comes in the sweet o'the year,  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
 With hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing:  
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,  
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,  
 10 With heigh! with hey! the thrush and the jay:  
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore  
 three-pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:  
 And when I wander here and there,  
 I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,  
 20 And bear the sow-skin budget,  
 Then my account I well may give,  
 And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets: when the kite builds, look to lesser  
 linen. My father named me Autolycus, who being, as I  
 am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up  
 of unconsidered trifles...[*points to his rags*] With die  
 and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is  
 the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on  
 the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for  
 30 the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize!  
 a prize! [*he hides behind a bush*]

*CLOWN appears the other side of the stile*

*Clown* [*mounts and sits thereon*]. Let me see—every  
 'leven wether tods, every tod yields pound and odd  
 shilling: fifteen hundred shorn—what comes the wool to?  
 (*Autolycus*. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

*Clown.* I cannot do't without counters....Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice...what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her Mistress of the Feast, and she lays it on. She hath made 40 me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers—three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes....I must have saffron to colour the warden pies: mace: dates, none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger—but that I may beg: four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'th' sun.

*Autolycus* [*staggers forward and falls upon the ground*].

O, that ever I was born!

*Clown.* I'th' name of me! 50

*Autolycus.* O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

*Clown.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Autolycus.* O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

*Clown.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Autolycus.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money 60 and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clown.* What, by a horseman or a footman?

*Autolycus.* A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

*Clown.* Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*he lifts him up*]

*Autolycus* [*groans*]. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

70 *Clown*. Alas, poor soul.

*Autolycus*. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out. [*he leans hard upon him*]

*Clown*. How now? canst stand?

*Autolycus*. Softly, dear sir... [*picking his pocket*] good sir, softly...you ha' done me a charitable office.

[*he stands from him*]

*Clown*. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Autolycus*. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence,  
80 unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want...Offer me no money, I pray you—that kills my heart.

*Clown*. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

*Autolycus*. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clown*. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay  
90 there; and yet it will no more but abide.

*Autolycus*. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff, then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him *Autolycus*.

*Clown*. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

100 *Autolycus*. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

*Clown.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Autolycus.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clown.* How do you now?

*Autolycus.* Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clown.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

110

*Autolycus.* No, good-faced sir, no, sweet sir.

*Clown.* Then fare thee well, I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*Autolycus.* Prosper you, sweet sir! [*the Clown goes*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice: I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

[*sings*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

120

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*he leaps the stile and passes on*]

[4. 4.] *A room in the Shepherd's cottage; at the back a deep chimney-corner*

*FLORIZEL and PERDITA, dressed for the sheep-shearing festival; she, as Flora, in a flowery gown and with a garland on her head, he as her attendant swain*

*Florizel.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

*Perdita.* Sir...my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me:  
(O, pardon, that I name them!) Your high self,  
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscured  
With a swain's wearing; and me (poor lowly maid)  
10 Most goddess-like pranked up...But that our feasts  
In every mess have folly and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
† To see you so attired; swoon, I think,  
To show myself a glass.

*Florizel.* I bless the time  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.

*Perdita.* Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me the difference forges dread (your greatness  
Hath not been used to fear): even now I tremble  
To think your father, by some accident,  
20 Should pass this way, as you did: O the Fates!  
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how  
Should I (in these my borrowed flaunts) behold  
The sternness of his presence?

*Florizel.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity: the gods themselves  
(Humbling their deities to love) have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,  
30 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now.... Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires  
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*Perdita.* O but, sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Opposed (as it must be) by th' power of the king:  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,  
Or I my life.

*Florizel.* Thou dearest Perdita, 40  
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not  
The mirth o'th' feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's: for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle,  
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing  
That you behold the while....Your guests are coming:  
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50  
We two have sworn shall come.

*Perdita.* O lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

*The SHEPHERD, CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS and others  
enter the room, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised*

*Florizel.* See, your guests approach,  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Shepherd.* Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,  
Both dame and servant: welcomed all, served all:  
Would sing her song and dance her turn: now here,  
At upper end o'th' table; now i'th' middle:  
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire 60  
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it  
She would to each one sip....You are retired,



As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known:  
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself  
That which you are, Mistress o'th' Feast. Come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
70 As your good flock shall prosper.

*Perdita* [*to Polixenes*]. Sir, welcome:

It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o'th' day...[*to Camillo*] You're wel-  
come, sir!

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas....Reverend sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue—these keep  
Seeming and savour all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Polixenes*. Shepherdess,  
(A fair one are you!) well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Perdita*. Sir, the year growing ancient—  
80 Not yet on summer's death nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter—the fairest flowers o'th' season  
Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,  
Which some call nature's bastards. Of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Polixenes*. Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Perdita*. For I have heard it said  
There is an art which in their piedness shares  
With great creating Nature.

*Polixenes*. Say, there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,

But nature makes that mean: so, over that art 90  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes... You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race. This is an art  
Which does mend nature... change it rather, but  
The art itself, is nature.

*Perdita* [*her eye on Florizel*]. So it is.

*Polixenes*. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Perdita*. I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them: 100  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say 'twere well; and only therefore  
Desire to breed by me.... Here's flowers for you;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,  
The marigold, that goes to bed with' sun,  
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and I think they are given  
To men of middle age... Y'are very welcome.

[*she gives them flowers*]

*Camillo*. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Perdita*. Out, alas! 110  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.... [*to Florizel*]

Now, my fair'st friend,  
I would I had some flowers o'th' spring that might  
Become your time of day; [*to Mopsa and the other girls*]  
and yours and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
120 The winds of March with beauty; violets (dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath); pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a malady  
Most incident to maids); bold oxlips and  
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of—and my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er.

*Florizel.*

What, like a corse?

130 *Perdita.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;  
Not like a corse: or if...not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers,  
Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun-pastorals: sure this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*Florizel.*

What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms,  
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,  
140 To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so;  
And own no other function. Each your doing  
(So singular in each particular)  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens.

*Perdita.*

O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,  
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through't,

Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,  
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150  
You wooed me the false way.

*Florizel.* I think you have  
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose  
To put you to't....But, come, our dance I pray,  
Your hand, my Perdita! so turtles pair,  
That never mean to part.

*Perdita.* I'll swear for 'em.

*[he leads her away for the dance]*

*Polixenes.* This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever  
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems  
But smacks of something greater than herself,  
'Too noble for this place.

*Camillo.* He tells her something  
'That makes her blood look out: good sooth she is 160  
The queen of curds and cream.

*Clown.* Come on: strike up!

*Dorcas.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,  
To mend her kissing with!

*Mopsa.* Now, in good time!

*Clown.* Nota word, a word, westand upon our manners.  
Come, strike up. *[music]*

*'Here a dance of shepherds and shepherdesses'*

*Polixenes.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,  
Which dances with your daughter?

*Shepherd.* They call him Doricles, and boasts himself  
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it 170  
Upon his own report, and I believe it;  
He looks like sooth....He says he loves my daughter,  
I think so too; for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and to be plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose,  
Who loves another best.

*Polixenes.* She dances featly.

*Shepherd.* So she does any thing, though I report it,  
That should be silent: if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
180 Which he not dreams of.

*A servant enters*

*Servant.* O master! if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money: he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

*Clown.* He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and  
190 sung lamentably.

*Servant.* He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry (which is strange), with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her'; and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man'; puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good  
200 man.'

*Polixenes.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clown.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

*Servant.* He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can

learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' gross;  
inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over,  
as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock  
were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the  
work about the square on't.

210

*Clown.* Prithee, bring him in, and let him approach  
singing.

*Perdita.* Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words  
in's tunes.

*Clown.* You have of these pedlars, that have more in  
them than you'd think, sister.

*Perdita.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*'Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing,' disguised with a  
false beard, and a pack slung open before him*

Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cypress black as e'er was crow,  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,  
Masks for faces and for noses:  
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber:  
Golden quoifs and stomachers  
For my lads to give their dears:  
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel:

220

Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,  
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry:

Come, buy!

230

*Clown.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst  
take no money of me, but being enthralled as I am, it will  
also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

*Mopsa.* I was promised them against the feast, but they  
come not too late now.

*Dorcas.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

*Mopsa.* He hath paid you all he promised you: may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him  
240 again.

*Clown.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? when you are going to bed? or kill-hole? to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whisp'ring: clammer your tongues, and not a word more.

*Mopsa.* I have done...Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clown.* Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the  
250 way and lost all my money?

*Autolycus.* And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clown.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Autolycus.* I hope so, sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clown.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mopsa.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

*Autolycus.* Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a  
260 usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

*Mopsa.* Is it true, think you?

*Autolycus.* Very true, and but a month old.

*Dorcas.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Autolycus.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mopsa.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clown.* Come on, lay it by: and let's first see mo 270  
ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Autolycus.* Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dorcas.* Is it true too, think you?

*Autolycus.* Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more 280  
than my pack will hold.

*Clown.* Lay it by too: another.

*Autolycus.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mopsa.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Autolycus.* Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man': there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mopsa.* We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear—'tis in three parts. 290

*Dorcas.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*Autolycus.* I can bear my part—you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

## SONG

*Autolycus.* Get you hence, for I must go  
Where it fits not you to know.

*Dorcas.* Whither?

*Mopsa.* O, whither?

*Dorcas.* Whither?

*Mopsa.* It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell. 300

*Dorcas.* Me too: let me go thither.



*Mopsa.* Or thou goest to th' grange or mill.

*Dorcas.* If to either, thou dost ill.

*Autolycus.* Neither.

*Dorcas.* What, neither?

*Autolycus.* Neither.

*Dorcas.* Thou hast sworn my love to be.

*Mopsa.* Thou hast sworn it more to me.

Then, whither goest? say, whither?

310 *Clown.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them...Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedlar, let's have the first choice: follow me, girls. [*they go out*]

(*Autolycus.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*he goes out after them, singing*]

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

320 Come to the pedlar, money's a meddler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

*The servant enters again*

*Servant.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th' mind (if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

*Shepherd.* Away! we'll none on't; here has been too  
330 much homely foolery already....I know, sir, we weary you.

*Polixenes.* You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Servant.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' squier.

*Shepherd.* Leave your prating—since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

*Servant.* Why, they stay at door, sir.

*[he lets the herdsmen in]*

*'Here a dance of twelve Satyrs'*

*Polixenes.* O, father, you'll know more of that here—  
after...

340

*[to Camillo]* Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them—  
He's simple, and tells much....*[to Florizel]* How now,  
fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young  
And handed love as you do, I was wont  
To load my She with knacks: I would have ransacked  
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have poured it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go,  
And nothing mated with him. If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

350

*Florizel.* Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are:  
The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked  
Up in my heart, which I have given already,  
But not delivered....O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime loved: I take thy hand, this hand,

- 360 As soft as dove's down and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow that's bolted  
By th' northern blasts twice o'er.

*Polixenes.* What follows this?

How prettily th' young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before! I have put you out—  
But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

*Florizel.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Polixenes.* And this my neighbour too?

- Florizel.* And he, and more  
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all...  
That, were I crowned the most imperial monarch,  
370 Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge  
More than was ever man's—I would not prize them,  
Without her love: for her, employ them all,  
Commend them and condemn them to her service  
Or to their own perdition.

*Polixenes.* Fairly offered.

*Camillo.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shepherd.* But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

- Perdita.* I cannot speak  
So well (nothing so well), no, nor mean better:  
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
380 The purity of his.

*Shepherd.* Take hands, a bargain...  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Florizel.* O, that must be  
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,

Enough then for your wonder...But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shepherd.* Come, your hand;  
And, daughter, yours.

*Polixenes.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you—  
Have you a father?

*Florizel.* I have: but what of him?

*Polixenes.* Knows he of this?

*Florizel.* He neither does nor shall. 390

*Polixenes.* Methinks, a father  
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest  
That best becomes the table...Pray you once more,  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?  
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?  
Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing,  
But what he did being childish?

*Florizel.* No, good sir;  
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed 400  
Than most have of his age.

*Polixenes.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: reason my son  
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*Florizel.* I yield all this;  
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*Polixenes.* Let him know't. 410

*Florizel.* He shall not.

*Polixenes.* Prithee, let him.

*Florizel.* No, he must not.

*Shepherd.* Let him, my son, he shall not need to grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

*Florizel.* Come, come he must not:  
Mark our contract.

*Polixenes* [*discovers himself*]. Mark your divorce,  
young sir,  
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
To be acknowledged....Thou a sceptre's heir,  
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou, old traitor,  
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can  
But shorten thy life one week....And thou, fresh piece  
420 Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with—

*Shepherd.* O, my heart!

*Polixenes.* I'll have thy beauty scratched with briars,  
and made

More homely than thy state....For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt see this knack (as never  
I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession,  
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,  
Farre than Deucalion off: mark thou my words!  
Follow us to the court....Thou churl, for this time  
430 (Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it....And you, enchantment—  
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
That makes himself (but for our honour therein)  
Unworthy thee—if ever henceforth thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
As thou art tender to't.

[*he goes*]

*Perdita.* Even here, undone,  
I was not much afeard: for once or twice  
I was about to speak and tell him plainly, 440  
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike....[*to Florizel*] Will't please you, sir, be  
gone?

I told you what would come of this: beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine—  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
But milk my ewes, and weep. [*she puts off her garland*  
*Camillo.* Why, how now, father!  
Speak ere thou diest.

*Shepherd.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know....[*to Florizel*] O, sir.  
You have undone a man of fourscore three, 450  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
Where no priest shovels-in dust....[*to Perdita*] O curséd  
wretch!

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure  
To mingle faith with him.... Undone! undone!  
If I might die within this hour, I have lived  
To die when I desire.

*Florizel.* Why look you so upon me?  
I am but sorry, not afeard; delayed, 460  
But nothing alt'ed: what I was, I am:  
More straining on for plucking back; not following  
My leash unwillingly.

*Camillo.* Gracious my lord,  
You know your father's temper: at this time  
He will allow no speech...which, I do guess,

You do not purpose to him...and as hardly  
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:  
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
Come not before him.

*Florizel.* I not purpose it...

470 *I think, Camillo?*

*Camillo.* Even he, my lord.

*Perdita.* How often have I told you 'twould be thus?  
How often said, my dignity would last  
But till 'twere known?

*Florizel.* It cannot fail but by  
The violation of my faith, and then  
Let nature crush the sides o'th'earth together,  
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:  
From my succession wipe me, father, I  
Am heir to my affection.

*Camillo.* Be advised.

*Florizel.* I am; and by my fancy: if my reason  
480 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

*Camillo.* This is desperate, sir.

*Florizel.* So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
I needs must think it honesty....Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat gleaned; for all the sun sees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,  
490 As you have ever been my father's honoured friend,  
When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more) cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion; let myself and Fortune  
Tug for the time to come....This you may know

And so deliver, I am put to sea  
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And most opportune to our need I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared  
For this design....What course I mean to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor 500  
Concern me the reporting.

*Camillo.* O my lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

*Florizel.* Hark, Perdita! [*he draws her aside*  
[*to Camillo*] I'll hear you by and by.

*Camillo.* He's irremoveable,  
Resolved for flight...Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn,  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,  
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

*Florizel.* Now, good Camillo, 510  
I am so fraught with curious business, that  
I leave out ceremony. [*he turns to go*

*Camillo.* Sir, I think  
You have heard of my poor services i'th' love  
That I have borne your father?

*Florizel.* Very nobly  
Have you deserved: it is my father's music  
To speak your deeds; not little of his care  
To have them recompensed as thought on.

*Camillo.* Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king,  
And through him what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction, 520  
If your more ponderous and settled project



May suffer alteration. On mine honour  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness, where you may  
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by  
(As heavens forfend!) your ruin; marry her;  
And—with my best endeavours in your absence—  
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,  
530 And bring him up to liking.

*Florizel.* How, Camillo,  
May this (almost a miracle) be done?  
That I may call thee something more than man,  
And after that trust to thee.

*Camillo.* Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll go?

*Florizel.* Not any yet:  
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Camillo.* Then list to me:  
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,  
540 But undergo this flight; make for Sicilia,  
And there present yourself and your fair princess,  
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes:  
She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your bed....Methinks I see  
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping  
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,  
As 'twere i'th' father's person: kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; th'one  
550 He chides to hell and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought or time.

*Florizel.* Worthy Camillo,  
What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*Camillo.* Sent by the king your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
'The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you (as from your father) shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down,  
The which shall point you forth at every sitting  
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,  
But that you have your father's bosom there, 560  
And speak his very heart.

*Florizel.* I am bound to you:  
There is some sap in this.

*Camillo.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpathed waters, undreamed shores; most certain,  
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,  
But as you shake off one to take another:  
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loath to be: besides you know  
Prosperity's the very bond of love, 570  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*Perdita.* One of these is true:  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*Camillo.* Yea? say you so?  
[*to Florizel*] There shall not at your father's house these  
seven years  
Be born another such.

*Florizel.* My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding as

She is i'th' rear 'our birth.

*Camillo.* I cannot say 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
580 To most that teach.

*Perdita.* Your pardon, sir. For this  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Florizel.* My prettiest Perdita....[*he kisses her*  
But, O, the thorns we stand upon! *Camillo*—  
Preserver of my father, now of me,  
The medicine of our house...how shall we do?  
We are not furnished like Bohemia's son,  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

*Camillo.* My lord,  
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes  
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
590 The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,  
That you may know you shall not want...one word.  
*[they draw apart to the chimney-corner*

*AUTOLYCUS enters and, supposing the room empty,  
speaks his mind*

*(Autolycus.* Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust,  
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold  
all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon,  
glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape,  
glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from  
fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trin-  
kets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the  
buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in  
600 picture; and, what I saw, to my good use I remembered.  
My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable  
man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he  
would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and

words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and 610 had not the old man come in with a hubbub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward;  
Autolycus slinks hastily behind a large press*

*Camillo.* Nay, but my letters, by this means being there So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Florizel.* And those that you'll procure from King Leontes?

*Camillo.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Perdita.* Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

*Camillo* [*seeing Autolycus*]. Who have we here?  
We'll make an instrument of this; omit  
Nothing may give us aid. 620

(*Autolycus.* If they have overheard me now...why, hanging!

*Camillo* [*drags him forth*]. How now, good fellow! Why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man—here's no harm intended to thee.

*Autolycus.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Camillo.* Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly (thou must think there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this 630 gentleman: though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. [*gives him money*

*Autolycus.* I am a poor fellow, sir...[*aside*] I know ye well enough.

[*Florizel sets his hat upon the table and, unbuttoning his doublet, withdraws into the chimney-corner*

*Camillo.* Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

*Autolycus.* Are you in earnest, sir? [*aside*] I smell the trick on't.

*Florizel.* Dispatch, I prithee.

640 *Autolycus.* Indeed, I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

*Camillo.* Unbuckle, unbuckle!

[*Autolycus follows Florizel to the chimney-corner*

Fortunate mistress (let my prophecy

Come home to ye!) you must retire yourself

Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat

And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,

Dismantle you, and (as you can) dislikén

The truth of your own seeming, that you may

(For I do fear eyes over) to shipboard

650 Get undescried.

*Perdita.* I see the play so lies

That I must bear a part.

*Camillo.* No remedy....

Have you done there?

[*Florizel comes forward in the rags of Autolycus*

*Florizel.* Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son. [*takes his hat from the table*

*Camillo* [*snatches it and gives it to Perdita*]. Nay, you shall have no hat....

Come, lady, come...[*to Autolycus*] Farewell, my friend.

*Autolycus* [*steps forth half-dressed and makes a mock-courtly bow*]. Adieu, sir.

*Florizel.* O Perdita! what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word.

*[they talk apart]*

*Camillo.* What I do next, shall be to tell the king  
Of this escape and whither they are bound;  
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,  
To force him after: in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

660

*Florizel.*

Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.

*Camillo.* The swifter speed, the better.

*[Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo go out; Autolycus  
comes forward, dressing and talking the while]*

*Autolycus.* I understand the business, I hear it: to have  
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary  
for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out  
work for th'other senses. I see this is the time that the  
unjust man doth thrive. Whatan exchange had this been,  
without boot! *[strikes his leg]* What a boot is here, with  
this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us,  
and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself  
is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father,  
with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of  
honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't:  
I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am  
I constant to my profession.

670

*The CLOWN and SHEPHERD enter*

Aside, aside! here is more matter for a hot brain: every  
lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields  
a careful man work. *[he returns to the chimney-corner]*

680

*Clown.* See, see; what a man you are now! there is no  
other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none  
of your flesh and blood.

*Shepherd.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clown.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shepherd.* Go to then.

*Clown.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those  
690 things you found about her—those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

*Shepherd.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*Clown.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

700 *Autolycus.* Very wisely—puppies!

*Shepherd.* Well; let us to the king...[*takes a bundle from the press*] There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

*Autolycus.* I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clown.* Pray heartily he be at' palace.

*Autolycus.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement...[*takes off his false beard and steps forth*] How  
710 now, rustics? whither are you bound?

*Shepherd.* To th' palace, an it like your worship.

*Autolycus.* Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

*Clown.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Autolycus.* A lie; you are rough and hairy: let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often

give us soldiers the lie, but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not 720 give us the lie.

*Clown.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

*Shepherd.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*Autolycus.* Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate to toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore 730 no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: where-upon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shepherd.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Autolycus.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shepherd.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clown.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

*Shepherd.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

*Autolycus.* How blessed are we that are not simple men! 740 Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clown.* This cannot but be a great courtier!

*Shepherd.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clown.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

*Autolycus.* The fardel there? what's i'th' fardel? Wherefore that box? 750

*Shepherd.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king, and which he



shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

*Autolycus.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shepherd.* Why, sir?

*Autolycus.* The king is not at the palace, he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must  
760 know the king is full of grief.

*Shepherd.* So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Autolycus.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clown.* Think you so, sir?

*Autolycus.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under  
770 the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clown.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

*Autolycus.* He has a son...who shall be flayed alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's  
780 nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be

smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, 790 whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

*Clown.* He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive!'

*Shepherd.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you. 800

*Autolycus.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shepherd.* Ay, sir.

*Autolycus.* Well, give me the moiety...Are you a party in this business?

*Clown.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*Autolycus.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clown.* Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of 810 your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else....[*to Autolycus*] Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

*Autolycus.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side, go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

*Clown.* We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

*Shepherd.* Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Shepherd and Clown go out* 820

*Autolycus.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious, for I am  
 830 proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't...To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. *[he goes]*

[5. 1.] *Sicilia. A room in the palace of Leontes*

*LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others*

*Cleomenes.* Sir, you have done enough, and have performed

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
 Which you have not redeemed; indeed, paid down  
 More penitence than done trespass: at the last,  
 Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;  
 With them forgive yourself.

*Leontes.* Whilst I remember  
 Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
 My blemishes in them, and so still think of  
 The wrong I did myself: which was so much,  
 10 That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and  
 Destroyed the sweet'st companion that e'er man  
 Bred his hopes out of.

*Paulina.* True, too true, my lord:  
 If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
 Or from the all that are took something good

To make a perfect woman...she you killed  
Would be unparalleled.

*Leontes.* I think so....Killed!  
She I killed! I did so: but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought....Now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cleomenes.* Not at all, good lady: 20  
You might have spoken a thousand things that would  
Have done the time more benefit and graced  
Your kindness better.

*Paulina.* You are one of those  
Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name; consider little  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy  
Than to rejoice the former queen is well? 30  
What holier than, for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort and for future good,  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paulina.* There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone...Besides, the gods  
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes:  
For has not the divine Apollo said,  
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
That King Leontes shall not have an heir  
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall, 40  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
And come again to me; who, on my life,

Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills....[*to Leontes*] Care not for  
issue—

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander  
Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leontes.* Good Paulina,

50 Who hast the memory of Hermione  
I know in honour...O, that ever I  
Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even now,  
I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes,  
Have taken treasure from her lips—

*Paulina.* And left them  
More rich for what they yielded.

*Leontes.* Thou speak'st truth:  
No more such wives, therefore no wife: one worse,  
And better used, would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,  
† Where we offenders move, appear soul-vexed,

60 And begin, 'Why to me?'

*Paulina.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leontes.* She had, and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Paulina.* I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walked, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't  
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Should rift to hear me, and the words that followed  
Should be, 'Remember mine!'

*Leontes.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paulina.* Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave? 70

*Leontes.* Never, *Paulina*, so be blest my spirit!

*Paulina.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

*Cleomenes.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paulina.* Unless another,  
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,  
Affront his eye.

*Cleomenes.* Good madam,—

*Paulina.* I have done.  
Yet, if my lord will marry...if you will, sir...  
No remedy, but you will...give me the office  
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young  
As was your former, but she shall be such  
As, walked your first queen's ghost, it should take joy 80  
To see her in your arms.

*Leontes.* My true *Paulina*,  
We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

*Paulina.* That  
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;  
Never till then.

*A gentleman enters*

*Gentleman.* One that gives out himself Prince *Florizel*,  
Son of *Polixenes*, with his princess (she  
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leontes.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach  
(So out of circumstance and sudden) tells us 90  
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gentleman.* But few,  
And those but mean,

*Leontes.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Gentleman.* Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I  
hink,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paulina.* O Hermione,

As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better gone, so must thy grave

Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself

Have said and writ so; but your writing now

100 Is colder than that theme: 'She had not been,

Nor was not to be equalled'—thus your verse

Flowed with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,

To say you have seen a better.

*Gentleman.* Pardon, madam:

The one I have almost forgot—your pardon—

The other, when she has obtained your eye,

Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,

Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal

Of all professors else; make proselytes

Of who she but bid follow.

*Paulina.* How! not women?

110 *Gentleman.* Women will love her, that she is a woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is

The rarest of all women.

*Leontes.* Go, Cleomenes,

Yourself, assisted with your honoured friends,

Bring them to our embracement....

[*Cleomenes and others hurry forth*

Still, 'tis strange,

He thus should steal upon us.

*Paulina.* Had our prince

(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had paired

Well with this lord; there was not full a month

Between their births.

*Leontes.* Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st,  
He dies to me again when talked of: sure, 120  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

*CLEOMENES returns with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,  
and attendants*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince,  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you  
(His very air!) that I should call you brother,  
As I did him, and speak of something wildly  
By us performed before. Most dearly welcome! 130  
And your fair princess [*she unveils*]-goddess! O!  
[*he gazes at her*]...Alas,  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father, whom  
(Though bearing misery) I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.

*Florizel.* By his command  
Have I here touched Sicilia, and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend, 140  
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,  
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized  
His wished ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves  
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,  
And those that bear them, living.



*Leontes.* O my brother  
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee stir  
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
150 So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness.... Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to th'earth. And hath he too  
Exposed this paragon to th' fearful usage  
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
Th'adventure of her person?

*Florizel.* Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

*Leontes.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honoured lord, is feared and loved?

*Florizel.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose  
daughter  
160 His tears proclaimed his, parting with her: thence  
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have crossed,  
To execute the charge my father gave me,  
For visiting your highness: my best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
Here, where we are.

*Leontes.* The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
170 Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman, against whose person  
(So sacred as it is) I have done sin,  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's blessed  
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,  
Worthy his goodness.... What might I have been,

Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,  
Such goodly things as you?

*A lord enters*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, 180  
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:  
Desires you to attach his son, who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

*Leontes.* Where's Bohemia? speak!

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from him.  
I speak amazedly, and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hast'ning (in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way 190  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

*Florizel.* Camillo has betrayed me;  
Whose honour and whose honesty till now  
Endured all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge:  
He's with the king your father.

*Leontes.* Who? Camillo?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now  
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak: 200  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

*Perdita.* O, my poor father!

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leontes.* You are married?

*Florizel.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:  
The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leontes.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

*Florizel.* She is,  
When once she is my wife.

210 *Leontes.* That 'once,' I see, by your good father's speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry  
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Florizel.* Dear, look up:  
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us with my father; power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves.... [*kneels*] Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you owed no more to time  
220 Than I do now: with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,  
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

*Leontes.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-  
tress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paulina.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month  
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes  
Than what you look on now.

*Leontes.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made.... [*to Florizel*] But your  
petition

Is yet unanswered: I will to your father:  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, 230  
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand  
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,  
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.  
[they go]

[5. 2.] *Before the palace of Leontes*

*AUTOLYCUS and a gentleman*

*Autolycus.* Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gentleman.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Autolycus.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gentleman.* I make a broken delivery of the business: but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo 10 were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if th'importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Another gentleman comes up*

Here comes a gentleman, that haply knows more: the 20 news, Rogero?

2 *Gentleman.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is ful-

filled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*A third gentleman approaches*

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

- 30 3 *Gentleman*. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's: her jewel about the neck of it: the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character: the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother: the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

- 40 2 *Gentleman*. No.

- 3 *Gentleman*. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries,  
50 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness, then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another

encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gentleman.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gentleman.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1 *Gentleman.* What became of his bark and his followers?

3 *Gentleman.* Wracked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gentleman.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gentleman.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death (with the manner how she came to't, bravely confessed and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter, till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there changed colour; some

swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen't,  
90 the woe had been universal.

1 *Gentleman.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gentleman.* No : the princess hearing of her mother's  
statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina—a piece many  
years in doing, and now newly performed, by that rare  
Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself  
eternity and could put breath into his work, would be-  
guile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape : he  
so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say  
one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer.  
100 Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone,  
and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gentleman.* I thought she had some great matter  
there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a day,  
ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed  
house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the  
rejoicing?

1 *Gentleman.* Who would bethence that has the benefit  
of access? Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be  
born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge.  
110 Let's along. [*the three gentlemen go off, talking together*  
*Autolycus.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life  
in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought  
the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I  
heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what : but he  
at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he  
then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and  
himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this  
mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me :  
for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not  
120 have relished among my other discredits.

*The SHEPHERD and CLOWN approach, in fine apparel*

Here come those I have done good to against my will,  
and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shepherd.* Come, boy; I am past mo children; but thy  
sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clown.* You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with  
me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See  
you these clothes? Say you see them not and think me  
still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes  
are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try  
whether I am not now a gentleman born. 130

*Autolycus.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clown.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shepherd.* And so have I, boy.

*Clown.* So you have: but I was a gentleman born be-  
fore my father: for the king's son took me by the hand,  
and called me brother; and then the two kings called my  
father brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the  
princess, my sister, called my father father; and so we  
wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that  
ever we shed. 140

*Shepherd.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clown.* Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so pre-  
posterous estate as we are.

*Autolycus.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all  
the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give  
me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shepherd.* Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now  
we are gentlemen.

*Clown.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Autolycus.* Ay, an it like your good worship. 150

*Clown.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince  
thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.



*Shepherd.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clown.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shepherd.* How if it be false, son?

*Clown.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou  
160 wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Autolycus.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clown.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*they go*]

[5. 3.] *A chapel in Paulina's house: at the upper end a niche with a curtain before it*

*LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, and PAULINA enter with lords and attendants*

*Leontes.* O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

*Paulina.* What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well, I meant well; all my services  
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,  
With your crowned brother and these contracted  
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leontes.* O Paulina,  
We honour you with trouble: but we came

To see the statue of our queen: your gallery 10  
Have we passed through, not without much content  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Paulina.* As she lived peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you looked upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mocked, as ever  
Still sleep mocked death: behold, and say 'tis well.... 20

[*Paulina draws the curtain, and discovers the figure*  
I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder: but yet speak—first, you, my liege—  
Comes it not something near?

*Leontes.* Her natural posture!  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she  
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So agéd as this seems.

*Polixenes.* O, not by much.

*Paulina.* So much the more our carver's excellence, 30  
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she lived now.

*Leontes.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,  
As now it coldly stands) when first I wooed her!  
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it? O royal piece!

There's magic in thy majesty, which has  
40 My evils conjured to remembrance, and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee!

*Perdita.* And give me leave,  
And do not say 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel and then implore her blessing....[*kneels*] Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Paulina* [*prevents her*]. O, patience;  
The statue is but newly fixed; the colour's  
Not dry.

*Camillo.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
50 Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,  
But killed itself much sooner.

*Polixenes.* Dear my brother,  
Let him that was the cause of this have power  
To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Paulina.* Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine)  
I'd not have showed it. [*she moves to the curtain*]

*Leontes.* Do not draw the curtain.  
60 *Paulina.* No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy  
May think anon it moves.

*Leontes.* Let be, let be!  
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already!—  
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood?

*Polixenes.* Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leontes.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mocked with art.

*Paulina.* I'll draw the curtain:  
My lord's almost so far transported that  
He'll think anon it lives.

*Leontes.* O sweet Paulina, 70  
Make me to think so twenty years together;  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

*Paulina.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you: but  
I could afflict you farther.

*Leontes.* Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks  
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Paulina.* Good my lord, forbear: 80  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting...Shall I draw the curtain?

*Leontes.* No! not these twenty years.

*Perdita.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*Paulina.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you  
For more amazement: if you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think  
(Which I protest against) I am assisted 90  
By wicked powers.

*Leontes.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,

I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

*Paulina.* It is required  
You do awake your faith: then all stand still;  
Or those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leontes.* Proceed:  
No foot shall stir.

*Paulina.* Music; awake her: strike! [*music*]  
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;  
100 Strike all that look upon with marvel; come;  
I'll fill your grave up; stir; nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you! You perceive, she stirs:

[*Hermione comes down from the pedestal*]  
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as  
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her  
Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double: nay, present your hand:  
When she was young, you wooed her; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor? [*Hermione embraces Leontes*]  
*Leontes.* O, she's warm!

110 If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating. [*they kiss again*]

*Polixenes.* She embraces him!

*Camillo.* She hangs about his neck—  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*Polixenes.* Ay, and make it manifest where she has  
lived,

Or how stol'n from the dead.

*Paulina.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while...

Please you to interpose, fair madam, kneel  
 And pray your mother's blessing.... Turn, good lady, 120  
 Our Perdita is found.

*[she presents Perdita, who kneels once more*

*Hermione.* You gods look down,  
 And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
 Upon my daughter's head! Tell me (mine own)  
 Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how  
 found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,  
 Knowing by Paulina that the oracle  
 Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved  
 Myself to see the issue.

*Paulina.* There's time enough for that,  
 Lest they desire (upon this push) to trouble  
 Your joys with like relation.... Go together, 130  
 You precious winners all; your exultation  
 Partake to every one: I (an old turtle)  
 Will wing me to some withered bough, and there  
 My mate (that's never to be found again)  
 Lament, till I am lost.

*Leontes.* O peace, Paulina!  
 Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
 As I by thine a wife: this is a match,  
 And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,  
 But how, is to be questioned: for I saw her,  
 As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many 140  
 A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far  
 (For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
 An honourable husband—come, Camillo,  
 And take her by the hand—whose worth and honesty  
 Is richly noted; and here justified  
 By us, a pair of kings.... Let's from this place....  
 What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion....This' your son-in-law,  
150 And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,  
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely  
Each one demand and answer to his part  
Performed in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were dissevered: hastily lead away. [*they go*]

## THE COPY FOR *THE WINTER'S TALE*, 1623

### (i) *The procuring of the Copy*

*The Winter's Tale* is bibliographically one of the most interesting texts in the First Folio. In the first place, it is clear that it only just escaped being omitted from the Folio altogether, that Isaac Jaggard originally printed thirteen Comedies only, and that his men were well on with the Histories before the missing fourteenth comedy turned up. The evidence for all this has been brought together by a train of detective work, in which, as often happens in bibliography, several scholars have taken a hand.

It was, I believe, Sidney Lee who first noticed that there was something peculiar about the printing of this play. In the Introduction to the *Oxford Facsimile* (1902) of the First Folio<sup>1</sup> he pointed out (i) that while the printer's signatures for the quires of the first thirteen Comedies run continuously from *A* to *Z* and those for the Histories run from *a* to *x*, a special set of signatures, *Aa* to *Cc*, are employed for *The Winter's Tale*, and (ii) that similarly, while the first thirteen plays of the Folio are printed straight on, without any blank pages being left between succeeding texts, *The Winter's Tale* has a blank at either end, one dividing it from *Twelfth Night* and the other from *King John*. Facts like these suggest that the play was an 'interpolation' on the part of the printers, who had already begun the Histories before they took *The Winter's Tale* in hand, and Lee found an explanation for the accident in the following well-known entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert:

For the king's players. An olde playe called Winter's Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewyse

<sup>1</sup> *Oxford Facsimile*, p. xxvi.



by mee on Mr Heminges his worde that there was nothing profane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August, 1623<sup>1</sup>.

In short, Lee's theory was that *The Winter's Tale* was left out because the MS had been lost, that another copy was subsequently discovered, and that this copy, 'which Heminge credited with adequate authenticity,' was first performed on the stage and then sent to press. The loss of the MS Lee accounted for by the fire in 1613 which burnt the Globe Theatre to the ground, while the re-appearance of 'copy' for licence and publication in the Folio he explained by the existence of transcripts of plays in the hands of private patrons. 'Private transcripts,' Lee writes, 'were, as a rule, characterized to a greater degree than official transcripts by copyists' carelessness and by general imperfections: they rarely embodied the latest theatrical revisions; they omitted stage-directions. But in 1623 they filled, as far as Shakespeare's work was concerned, an important gap in playhouse resources<sup>2</sup>.'

Professor Pollard in 1909 (*Shakespeare Folios and Quartos*, pp. 135-36) repeated Lee's facts, but refused to accept his interpretation of them, observing that 'we cannot be sure that we have here anything more than a coincidence.' He pointed out too that the earliest mention of the private transcripts upon which Lee relied was to be found in Mosely's preface to the first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, which appeared twenty-four years after the Shakespeare Folio and thirty years after Shakespeare's death, while Sir Edmund Chambers has recently noted that the Globe fire can hardly have been the reason why there was no 'allowed booke' of *The*

<sup>1</sup> The original of the office-book is now lost, but the entry was seen and copied by Malone (*Life of Shak.* p. 462; *Var. Shak.* iii. 229). Cf. Chambers, *Shakespeare*, ii. 347.

<sup>2</sup> *Oxford Facsimile*, p. xix.

*Winter's Tale* in 1623, seeing that the play had been performed at Court in 1618 and probably in 1619 also<sup>1</sup>. On the other hand, it may be remarked that the force of Professor Pollard's demurrer about the private transcripts has been weakened by the discovery a few years ago of such transcripts (dating from 1624, the year after the publication of the Folio) of Middleton's *Game at Chesse*, a King's Men play, the transcriber being Ralph Crane who had been scrivener to the company since 1619<sup>2</sup>.

Meanwhile, Professor F. P. Wilson, who had discovered Crane's activities, had also discovered that the First Folio was mentioned in a catalogue of English books printed between April and October 1622, a catalogue prepared for the Autumn Fair of that year at Frankfurt-on-Main<sup>3</sup>. Following up this clue in his turn, Mr E. E. Willoughby of Chicago has demonstrated in a couple of articles, published in 1928<sup>4</sup>, that Jaggard began printing the Folio in 1621, that the volume was laid aside probably about October 29 for some twelve to sixteen months in order that progress might be made with more urgent books, that the printing was actually interrupted between pp. 24 and 25 of the Histories, i.e. after the second page of *Richard II* (as is clear from the evidence of headlines, numerals for pagination, the typographical setting of the heading for Actus Primus, with which each Folio play begins, and such-like biblio-

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare*, i. 488.

<sup>2</sup> v. 'Ralph Crane, Scrivener to the King's Players,' by F. P. Wilson (*The Library*, Sept. 1926), and Middleton's *Game at Chesse*, ed. R. C. Bald, 1929.

<sup>3</sup> 'The Jaggards and the First Folio of Shakespeare,' by F. P. Wilson (*T.L.S.* 5. 11. 25).

<sup>4</sup> E. E. Willoughby, 'An Interruption in the printing of the First Folio' (*The Library*, Dec. 1928); 'The Heading "Actus Primus, Scena Prima" in the First Folio' (*Rev. Eng. Studies*, July 1928).

graphical clues), and finally that *The Winter's Tale* is linked by these clues with the later Histories and not the earlier Comedies and was therefore without doubt printed after the interruption and not before it. So closely indeed was it associated with *Richard II* in Jaggard's office that, as Mr Willoughby has been good enough to point out to me in a private letter, a casual inspection of the rules and type (even in facsimile) of the 'Actus Secundus, Scena Prima' captions in the two plays reveals a similarity which can only be accounted for if we suppose that the same setting of type was used in both cases.

These new facts throw a fresh light upon the entry in Herbert's office-book. It is now obvious that the disappearance of the 'allowed booke' had nothing to do with the interruption of the printing of the Folio, which was occasioned by quite other circumstances. On the contrary, the copy for *The Winter's Tale* must have arrived at Jaggard's printing-house during the interruption, but for which the play would in all probability have been left out of the Folio altogether. Furthermore, it seems tolerably certain that there was no direct connexion whatever between Herbert's entry and the printing of *The Winter's Tale*, since according to a calculation, based upon the known rate at which Jaggard's compositors could work—a calculation for which I once again have to thank Mr Willoughby—the play must have been finished in May 1623 at latest to allow time for the printing of the rest of the volume, which was as we know completed before the end of that year. Is it possible then, as Sir Edmund Chambers<sup>1</sup> has tentatively suggested, that 'the allowed booke' was lost not in any conflagration but by being thrown away, after serving as copy for Jaggard? I do not think so, since the character of the Folio text leaves no doubt in my mind that it cannot have been printed from an 'allowed booke' or even from a direct

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare*, i. 488.

transcript of one. In other words, my belief is that the 'booke' was lost before the printers embarked upon the Folio in 1621, that nevertheless a copy of some kind became available in the spring of 1623, from which was derived not only Jaggard's text but also that which Herbert licensed without fee for playing purposes on August 19<sup>1</sup>. Let us then turn to the Folio text and consider its character.

(ii) *The handwriting of the Copy*

*The Winter's Tale* is the kind of text admired by the traditional editor. It is fully divided into acts and scenes, it contains little or no traces of the playhouse, the arrangement of its verse is remarkably regular, and it seems to have been unusually carefully printed. Furthermore the punctuation is extremely elaborate, and on the whole good, which is noteworthy considering the involved character of Shakespeare's style in plays belonging to his last period. Yet textual tidiness, as has been pointed out more than once in dealing with previous plays in this edition, so far from implying close proximity with the author's MS, may be the fruit of playhouse transcription, and though there is little enough that suggests the playhouse in the Folio text of *The Winter's Tale*, there is much that indicates the presence of a transcriber. After hinting at the possibility, noted above, that the 'allowed booke' was mislaid during the printing of the play, Sir Edmund Chambers continues (p. 488):

But it is more likely that F1 itself rests on the fresh copy. The text is remarkably clean typographically, and has peculiarities of its own in the great number of its parentheses and in the occasional (e.g. 2. 1. 11; 2. 3. 148; 4. 4. 578, 706)

<sup>1</sup> Mr Willoughby suggests to me that what Herbert saw may have been not a MS but the printed Folio text of the play, which was a separate entity from the rest of the Folio and could easily have been used as a prompt-book in the theatre.

meticulous use of apostrophes to supply the place of ellipsed words.

And he writes elsewhere (p. 197):

Brackets are exceptionally common in *Winter's Tale*; there are even brackets within brackets. They seem to have become mere flourishes, and may confirm the conjecture that *Winter's Tale* was printed from a calligraphic transcript.

Now it is certainly true that the text before us is unusually free in its use of the bracket, the apostrophe, and, we may add, the hyphen and the dash. Brackets, for example, tend to be used whenever a person is addressed directly by name or title; and the trick looks especially odd to the modern eye when the form of address occurs at the end of a sentence, as in 'Are you mou'd (my Lord?)'. But these devices are not found for the first time in *The Winter's Tale*. They are all characteristic of the four plays with which the Folio opens, *The Tempest*, *The Two Gentlemen*, *The Merry Wives*, and *Measure for Measure*, where their employment is almost if not quite as elaborate, and this similarity of punctuation makes it difficult to avoid the conclusion that all five texts had alike been influenced by some common agency of transmission.

Now it so happens that a transcript of Middleton's *Game at Chesse* in the hand of Ralph Crane, long known to exist but only recently tracked down by Mr R. C. Bald at the Bodleian, is punctuated after precisely the same fashion, as the following extract from the beginning of Act 5, Sc. 2<sup>1</sup> will demonstrate:

*wh. Qs. P.* I see 'twas but a Triall of my dutie now,  
'hath a more modest Mind, and in that Vertue  
most worthelie hath *Fate* provided for Me:  
Hah! 'tis the Bad Man in the *Reuerend habit*  
dares he be seene agen (Traitor to Holynes)  
oh Marble fronted Impudence, and knowes  
how Ill 'hath vsd me! I 'am ashamd he blushes not.

Is there so litle hope of you, to smile (Sir)?

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from *A Game at Chesse*, ed. Bald, pp. 168-69.

Had the Crane transcript been linked to the Folio texts above-mentioned by its punctuation alone, the clue might perhaps have been dismissed as a mere coincidence, but it resembles two of them so strikingly in another respect as well, that I think the world of Shakespearian scholarship will come to accept the scrivener to the King's Men not only as the agent of transmission in regard to these two texts but also as an important factor in the production of the First Folio as a whole. The point was first noticed by Professor F. P. Wilson and may be stated in his words:

The stage-directions in MS Malone 25 [Crane's transcript of *A Game at Chesse* in the Bodleian] stand by themselves, and I cannot match them in any other MS. Descriptive directions, like 'Noice within,' 'Musique,' 'he appeeres Black underneath,' appear at the appropriate places, but statements of entrances are massed together at the head of each scene. Thus the direction at the head of Act 1, Scene 1 is: 'The white-Queenes, & y<sup>e</sup> Black-Queenes Pawnes. Then y<sup>e</sup> Black Bishop's Pawne: Then y<sup>e</sup> whi: Bishop's Pawne, & y<sup>e</sup> Bl. Knight's Pawne, Then y<sup>e</sup> Black-knight, Then y<sup>e</sup> wh. Kings Pawne.' The Black Bishop's Pawn enters at l. 26, the White Bishop's Pawn at l. 141, the Black Knight's Pawn at l. 147, the Black Knight at l. 175, and the White King's Pawn at l. 241; but these entrances are indicated only at the head of the Scene. In the First Folio of Shakespeare the entrances in two plays—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and its successor in the Folio, *The Merry Wives*—are massed together at the head of each scene and not marked at the appropriate places (except for 'Enter Fairies' in *The Merry Wives*, 5. 5. 36). Unlike MS Malone 25 these plays contain no descriptive directions<sup>1</sup>.

And Professor Wilson, in a footnote, draws attention to the fact that the entrances for most scenes in *The Winter's Tale* are massed at the head in similar fashion, though they are often noted at the points of entry as well, while the play also contains a few descriptive stage-directions.

<sup>1</sup> *The Library*, Sept. 1926, *op. cit.* pp. 213-14.

Finally he concludes a valuable article by claiming to have established 'the possibility...that among the manuscripts from which the Jaggards printed the First Folio one or more may have been in the handwriting' of Ralph Crane.

If the copies for *The Two Gentlemen* and *The Merry Wives* were transcripts made by the scrivener of the King's Men, as Professor Wilson clearly surmises, then that for *The Winter's Tale* was in the same case too, since as he likewise hints it undoubtedly belongs to the same class of MS. Take one or two of the longer scenes as instances:

2. 1. is headed 'Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords,' though 'Leontes, Antigonus, Lords' do not enter until l. 32, at which point no entry is marked in the Folio.

3. 2. is headed 'Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion,' though 'Hermione' and 'Ladies' do not enter until l. 10, and 'Cleomines and Dion' until l. 123, while the scene is as bare of internal stage-directions as 2. 1.

4. 4. is headed 'Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.' Here the Folio gives no entry for 'Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas' at l. 52, where they rightly come on, though it reads 'Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shephearddesses' at l. 165, 'Enter Seruant' at l. 180, 'Enter Autolicus finging' at l. 217. 'Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres' at l. 339. 'Enter Autolicus' at l. 591, and 'Enter Clowne and Shepheard' at l. 677, together with a number of exits.

5. 1. is headed 'Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florizel, Perdita,' though Florizel and Perdita do not actually enter until l. 123, where the Folio reads 'Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.'

5. 3. is headed 'Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.' Here once again the scene is bare of internal directions in the Folio, though we should expect at least an 'Enter Hermione' for the 'discovery.'

It follows from this that, though internal stage-directions crop up here and there in certain scenes of *The Winter's Tale*, the text may once have been as bare as those of *The Two Gentlemen* and *The Merry Wives*, or, in other words, that someone may have gone over a bare text and inserted stage-directions in a haphazard fashion in order to give the manuscript the appearance of a genuine play-book. Perhaps he did so for the purpose of publication, perhaps because he wanted to sell his transcript. And if, as we may legitimately suspect, this someone was Ralph Crane himself, we can form a very fair notion of how the text of *The Winter's Tale* was prepared from an examination of the extant transcripts of Middleton's *Game at Chesse*. Five of these transcripts are known, and two of them are in Crane's handwriting. One of the two is the Malone MS already described, the other is MS Lansdowne 690 at the British Museum. Mr R. C. Bald has established a close affinity between these two Crane transcripts, and has suggested 'that both were copied from the same source, perhaps an intermediate transcript by Crane<sup>1</sup>'; but in one respect the kinship is even nearer than he has suspected. The Malone MS is not, as we have seen, entirely bare, for some half-dozen stage-directions, together with one or two exits, are to be found in it. The Lansdowne MS, on the other hand, is fully provided with stage-directions. Nevertheless, it can scarcely be disputed that the stage-directions which coincide in the two texts were derived from the same source, and that those found in the Lansdowne MS alone were derived from another source, since it is a

<sup>1</sup> *A Game at Chesse*, *op. cit.* pp. 41-2.



remarkable fact that in the Lansdowne MS all the directions which also occur in the Malone MS, with one insignificant exception, are written in the same style ('secretary') as the dialogue, while for the other directions Crane employs a bold Roman written apparently with another pen. In a word, the additional directions were *added* to the Lansdowne MS, possibly after the whole dialogue had been transcribed, but more probably as each page was finished<sup>1</sup>. The conclusion is, of course, that Mr Bald's hypothetical 'intermediate transcript' or from whatever common source Crane derived the dialogue of the two transcripts, contained also the handful of directions which appear in both, while the remaining directions of the Lansdowne MS were taken from another document. At any rate, it is clear that texts of the class we are now considering may be completely bare, furnished with a few stage-directions, or provided with many, as the circumstances determine. And that Crane would have no hesitation in palming off defective MSS upon unsuspecting private persons is proved by the Malone MS which, with all its imperfections, is dedicated as a New Year's gift to 'Mr William Hammond' by Middleton himself, who pens verses to that effect in his own hand on a separate page of the transcript.

All the peculiarities of the Folio *The Winter's Tale* seem thus paralleled in the Crane transcripts of *A Game at Chesse*, and if we suppose that its scanty stage-directions were penned by Crane we have an explanation of the fact noted by Dr Pollard that the stage-directions in this text 'have been purged from all trace of prompt-copy<sup>2</sup>,' since, as Professor Wilson has observed, the directions in Crane's dramatic transcripts seldom if ever 'smack of the

<sup>1</sup> v. a review of Bald's ed. of *A Game at Chesse* by the present writer in *The Library*, June 1930.

<sup>2</sup> *Shakespeare Folios and Quartos*, p. 135.

theatre<sup>1</sup>. There can, however, be little doubt that the bear which drives Antigonus from the stage was actually seen at the Globe Theatre; cf. note 3. 3. 58.

(iii) *The origin of the Copy*

The Folio text therefore of *The Winter's Tale* must be classed in the same species of dramatic manuscript as those of *The Two Gentlemen* and *The Merry Wives*, a species upon which the discovery by Professor F. P. Wilson of Crane's activities and by Mr R. C. Bald of the Malone MS of Middleton's play at the Bodleian throws a flood of new light. Two problems remain, however, to be dealt with. First, if Jaggard printed *The Winter's Tale* from a transcript by Ralph Crane, for what purpose was that transcript made? Was it, as Sidney Lee suggested, and as was certainly the case with its analogue the Malone MS, a copy originally made for some private purchaser, which had then unexpectedly turned up after the disappearance of the 'allowed booke'? Or was it a transcript which Crane made from some theatrical material especially for Jaggard to print? A definite answer to these questions will probably never be possible, but some illumination may be derived from their discussion in connexion with the second of our two outstanding problems, which we may throw into the form of yet another question, viz. How did Crane make up the texts of this species?

The first critic, as far as I know, to face the problem of the bare texts in the Folio was Dr W. W. Greg in the Introduction to his edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1602, published in 1910. After describing the distinguishing features of the 1623 text, he proceeded:

This arrangement would be equally preposterous for the purposes either of a literary or of a playhouse manuscript. Its origin, however, is not far to seek. It is obviously the

<sup>1</sup> F. P. Wilson, *op.cit.* *The Library*, Sept. 1926, pp. 212-13.

work of a painstaking but hardly intelligent devil charged with the duty of preparing the play for press. It must be remembered that in 1623 the only precedent for a collection of dramatic works by an English author was Ben Jonson's folio of 1616. Now Jonson had the fancy to divide his plays on what is sometimes called the classical or continental method, beginning a new scene whenever there was a change in the characters on the stage. When this method of division is adopted it is usual, instead of indicating the change of characters by exits and entrances, to give a list of characters at the head of each scene. But the principle adopted by Jonson has never been common in England, and none of Shakespeare's plays are divided in accordance with its demands. *The Merry Wives* follows the native custom of beginning a new scene only where there is a break in the continuity of the action, and the text to be intelligible must be provided with the necessary entries and exits. Whoever prepared the manuscript for press applied the Jonsonian method of character indication to the English method of scene division, with singularly unhappy results<sup>1</sup>.

I do not know whether Dr Greg still holds by this explanation, though it has recently been restated, apparently with approval, by Sir Edmund Chambers<sup>2</sup>. Ralph Crane, scrivener to the King's Men, can scarcely be described as 'a painstaking but hardly intelligent devil,' and yet, even if his hand be not allowed in the Folio, he is convicted of responsibility for the Malone MS which is arranged in a fashion just as 'preposterous for the purposes either of a literary or of a playhouse manuscript' as *The Merry Wives* itself. Moreover, why if he or the 'unintelligent devil' responsible for the bare Folio

<sup>1</sup> pp. xvi-xvii, W. W. Greg, *Shakespeare's 'Merry Wives of Windsor'*, 1602 (Tudor and Stuart Library, 1910).

<sup>2</sup> *Shakespeare*, i. p. 155. Dr Greg tells me since I wrote the above that 'though he still does not think the theory impossible, it no longer satisfies him,' because he is now inclined to account for the text as a transcript from 'foul papers' helped out by the 'plot.'

texts was so enamoured of the Jonsonian method, did they depart from it on the one hand in the Lansdowne MS and on the other hand in *The Winter's Tale*? Furthermore, as I asked when criticising the explanation in 1923<sup>1</sup>, what on the neo-classical theory has become of the stage-directions? Jonson's texts are full of directions, and presumably there must have been directions in the manuscript which the 'painstaking devil' so unintelligently edited. Are we to take it that he edited them away in a fit of absence of mind? Is it not far simpler to suppose that they are absent from the Folio texts because Heminge and Condell were unable to supply copy which contained them, in other words that the 'allowed bookes' were missing and recourse was had to dramatic documents of another kind?

Accordingly, in 1921, when writing the Textual Introduction to this edition, and already contemplating the problems incident to the editing of *The Two Gentlemen* and *The Merry Wives*, I hazarded the suggestion that, while the copy for printed dramatic texts would normally be the prompt-book, 'if the prompt-copy were lost, or were for some other reason not available, it would be possible to reconstruct some kind of text for the printer by stringing together the players' parts<sup>2</sup> with the aid of the playhouse plot—a theory I later developed in the Note on the Copy for *The Two Gentlemen*, simultaneously with which Mr Crompton Rhodes propounded the same solution, giving it the convenient name of the theory of 'assembled texts.' To quote a statement of the theory made to the Shakespeare Association in 1923, on the occasion of the Tercentenary of the publication of the First Folio<sup>3</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in the First Folio* (Shak. Assoc.), Oxford, 1924, p. 74.

<sup>2</sup> *The Tempest* (New Shakespeare), p. xxxv.

<sup>3</sup> *Studies in the First Folio*, *op. cit.* pp. 72-3.

A player's part, of course, consisted of the speeches belonging to a particular actor, copied out, with the cues, on to narrow strips of paper, which were then wound upon a reel, after being pasted together; and a prompter's plot, often pasted on to a board so that it could be hung up in the tiring-room, was a page of foolscap on which the names both of the characters and of the actors playing them were entered up, scene by scene, in order of their entry, the scenes being marked off by transverse lines ruled across the paper. In the players' parts you had, so to speak, the flesh and blood of the play, and in the 'plot' the skeleton. So, by combining the two elements, you got something which, but for one omission, came remarkably close to the original prompt-book. That omission, however, was a serious one; it was the nervous system of the play, the coming and going of the characters, the business and the movement on the stage, in a word the stage-directions.

The condition of *The Two Gentlemen* and *The Merry Wives* in the Folio, and of *A Game at Chesse* in the Malone MS, is exactly that which might be expected in a play 'assembled' in this fashion. It is true that a few stage-directions are to be found in Alleyn's 'Orlando' part at Dulwich, the only actor's part which has come down to us, but they would afford an assembler of parts little or no help as to the going and coming of characters, and may well have been omitted by him if he were making a transcript for some private purchaser or for Jaggard. On the other hand, the few haphazard directions in the Malone *Game at Chesse* and the presence of directions here and there in *The Winter's Tale*, show that an assembled text need not be completely bare. In short, the best explanation of all these texts seems to be that they were made up by Ralph Crane who, in the absence of the prompt-book, was obliged to make use of the parts and the plot. Indeed *The Winter's Tale* contains one clue suggestive of a playhouse plot which is absent from the other three. It will be noticed in the stage-directions quoted on pp. 116-17, that in the grouped

names at the head of the scenes different entries are often marked off from each other by colons. Now in the extant Elizabethan plots the groups of characters are separated by the words 'to them' or 'to him,' which words are generally preceded by a colon.

The theory of assembled texts has been attacked from two angles. When it was first elaborated by Mr Crompton Rhodes and myself in 1921, we were unconscious, like everyone else, of the possibility of an author's rough draft of a play being preserved at the theatre side by side with the 'allowed booke,' so that if the latter went astray it might be used for the creation of fresh prompt-copy. But in *The Library* for September 1925, Dr Greg drew the attention of scholars to a transcript of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*, which was declared by the scribe to have been copied from 'fowle papers of the Authors,' found among the archives of the King's Men. Mr Bald, the editor of the *Game at Chesse* has, I think, shown reason to believe that at least one of the five extant transcripts of that play was similarly copied from foul papers. When, however, he goes on to suggest that foul papers will also account for the Malone MS, together with the Folio texts of *The Two Gentlemen* and *The Merry Wives*, he is less persuasive. In the first place the Malone MS contains at some places more, and at others less, material than the transcript which was almost certainly based upon Middleton's foul papers. In the second place the theory of foul papers does nothing to explain the peculiar features of the bare texts; for that Mr Bald has to furnish another cause, the idiosyncrasies of Ralph Crane, although the said idiosyncrasies are not found in other transcripts by him. In the third place, the Malone MS is full of 'cuts' of a kind that can hardly have been made for any other purpose than theatrical performance, so that the source of the transcript must have been play-house copy of some kind which had actually been used

in preparation for acting<sup>1</sup>. And in the fourth place, the theory entirely fails to take into account the curious point about the stage-directions in the Malone and the Lansdowne MSS noted above, a point which, as I think, lends support to the notion that players' parts were behind both texts.

The other onslaught upon the theory of assembled texts comes from Sir Edmund Chambers, who though apparently accepting it without difficulty in 1923<sup>2</sup>, has in the meantime thought of a number of objections which he has set down in his *William Shakespeare*<sup>3</sup>, without, however, advancing any counter-explanation of his own, unless it be that brought forward in 1900 by Dr Greg and which we have quoted above. 'One would suppose,' he says in the first place, 'that both parts and plot, if preserved, would be kept with the prompt-copy, and that the loss of one would mean the loss of all.' Two can play the game of supposing. Let us suppose, for example, that the prompt-book was submitted to Sir Henry Herbert for license, and he thereupon mislaid it, would that also involve the loss of the parts and the plot? As a matter of fact Sir Edmund himself actually suggests in another part of his book, the possibilities of play-books being burnt at a censor's house<sup>4</sup>. Or again, 'Surely it would have been a very laborious and difficult business'; and Sir Edmund pictures the puzzled book-keeper peering 'in search of the cue-words from one to another of half a dozen rolls or strips cut from rolls on the table before him.' But the book-keeper would presumably know the play he was trying to assemble, perhaps know it very well; and if he was baffled at any point there were always the players themselves to call in to

<sup>1</sup> For the theory of the relationship between this abridged transcript and the full transcript represented by the Lansdowne MS, v. review, *The Library*, June 1930, *op. cit.*

<sup>2</sup> *Eliz. Stage*, iii. 194.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. 153-55.

<sup>4</sup> Vol. i. 105.

assist him. Moreover, if an acting-company sitting round a table could reconstruct from memory the 1594 text of *Orlando Furioso*, as Dr Greg has shown they could<sup>1</sup>, surely the assembling of a text would not be beyond the powers of the King's Men when all the parts were available. But an ounce of fact is worth a ton of 'might-be's'; Mr Crompton Rhodes has seen the job actually performed, having 'watched a manager who had lost the prompt-book of a play reconstruct another by taking the parts, cutting them into speeches, and pasting them into an exercise-book<sup>2</sup>.' Lastly, Sir Edmund Chambers would 'expect to find in a text so produced two kinds of error, of which examples have not in fact been brought forward. One would be a false sequence of speeches and another the accidental inclusion of cues in the following lines.' I own that I should very much like to discover instances of one or both these errors in what I believe to be assembled texts, though I can see no reason why a reasonably careful assembler should be guilty of either. In fine, though I have never claimed that the theory is more than a theory, despite the criticisms of Mr Bald and Sir Edmund Chambers, it is the only one so far advanced that seems to fit the facts.

And if the theory still holds the field, the probable history of the copy for *The Winter's Tale* may be summarised as follows. Sometime presumably after the Court performance in 1619 the allowed book was lost or mislaid in some fashion impossible for us now to ascertain, so that when Heminge and Condell came to gather together the copy for the Folio in 1621 they had no prompt-book to furnish for this play. They may have had hopes of recovering it; for example it may have been lent for perusal by some high personage at Court. In any case Crane was not asked to make up a text for

<sup>1</sup> v. *Alcazar and Orlando* by W. W. Greg, 1923.

<sup>2</sup> v. 'Dramatic piracy in practice,' *Times Lit. Sup.* corr. June 26, 1930.



Jaggard out of the parts and the plot, as he had undertaken to do for *The Two Gentlemen*, *The Merry Wives*, and perhaps some other plays. Whether they told Jaggard that a fourteenth comedy was still to come, or forgot to do so, it is certain that the printers finished off *Twelfth Night* and had begun the Histories with *King John* and the first leaf of *Richard II* without reckoning with the existence of *The Winter's Tale* at all. At this point the claims of other and more urgent books forced Jaggard to lay his Shakespeare Folio aside, probably at the end of October 1621, and he was not able to resume the printing before the spring of 1623. Meanwhile, despairing of the allowed book and perhaps already planning a revival of the play upon the stage, the King's Men handed over the parts and the plot of *The Winter's Tale* to their scrivener bidding him prepare a text for Jaggard, which when printed might serve as a prompt-book if required. It is of course conceivable that the reconstruction was first undertaken at the request of some private patron who wished for a transcript of this popular play; but there is no need to posit such a link in the chain of causation, more especially as the play had apparently in 1623 not been seen on the stage for four years. Furthermore, there is no evidence that official transcripts for presentation or sale to patrons existed until 1624, and it seems possible that it was the demand for copies of Middleton's *Game at Chesse* by a public who were precluded from seeing it performed, which first drew the attention of Crane and his employers to this source of profit. It is possible also that, having learnt to 'assemble' texts for the printers of the Folio, Crane found it easy to do the same thing with the parts of *A Game at Chesse* when the allowed book had been confiscated by the Privy Council and the author's draft was in hiding with the author himself. As for the other Folio texts, *The Tempest* and *Measure for Measure*, the punctuation of which is so similar to that of *The Winter's Tale* and the Malone *Game at Chesse* that Crane would

appear to be responsible for it, the foregoing argument does not imply that these are also assembled texts, though I think the Folio text of *Measure for Measure* may well have been assembled at some stage of its development. The copy for *The Tempest*, on the other hand, though probably a Crane transcript, must assuredly have been based upon the author's original. The stage-directions, as I wrote in 1921, 'bear the unmistakable impress of the master's hand,' while even the punctuation, though in form Crane's, is so superior, not only to that of *The Winter's Tale* but also to that of any other comedy in the Folio, that it would be hazardous to suppose that it derives in substance from any pen but Shakespeare's.

I have allowed myself neither time nor space for an enquiry into the history of the dramatic manuscript which must lie somewhere behind Crane's transcript. All traces of possible irregularities in the author's original would probably have been obliterated in a calligraphic copy, more especially if player's parts formed a link in the chain of transmission. I have made no special search for loose ends of other kinds, nor have I observed any marked differences of style, except in the Time Chorus at the beginning of Act 4, which seems to me palpably by the same hand as that which I have picked out in *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well* and at one or two places elsewhere and have attributed to a playhouse hack. And this hand may, I fancy, also be responsible for one or two of the short prose-scenes. In short, though Greene may conceivably have drafted an early *Pandosto* play with a coney-catching pedlar as a leading character (as he certainly wrote a *Pandosto* novel and coney-catching pamphlets) and *The Winter's Tale* be derived from the former instead of the latter, I have so far seen no reason for thinking that any part of the play, as we now have it, belongs to an earlier date than 1610.

*Postscript* 1950. The reader should consult the discussion of the theory of assembled texts in *The Editorial Problems in Shakespeare* by W. W. Greg, 1942, pp. 134-8.

## NOTES

All significant departures from the Folio text, including emendations in punctuation, are recorded; the name of the critic who first suggested or printed an accepted reading being placed in brackets. Illustrative spellings and misprints are quoted from the Good Quarto texts, or from the Folio where no Good Quarto exists. The line-numeration for reference to plays not yet issued in this edition is that used in Bartlett's *Concordance*.

F., unless otherwise specified, stands for the First Folio; Ham. Sp. and Misp. for *Spellings and Misprints in the Second Quarto of Hamlet* (Essays and Studies: English Association, vol. x); N.E.D. for *The New English Dictionary*; Sh. Eng. for *Shakespeare's England*; Tilley for *Elizabethan Proverb Lore* by M. P. Tilley; Moorman for the edition of the play by F. W. Moorman in *The Arden Shakespeare*; Furness for the edition in the American *Variorum Shakespeare*; Charlton for the edition by H. B. Charlton in the *Heath Shakespeare*; Camb. for *The Cambridge Shakespeare* (1863); S.D. for stage-direction; G. for Glossary. Quotations from *Pandosto* are taken from the edition by P. G. Thomas in 'The Shakespeare Classics.'

*Characters in the Play.* F. furnishes a list of 'The Names of the Actors' (as in *The Tempest*, *The Two Gentlemen*, *Measure for Measure*), which I have followed with a slight rearrangement and with certain unimportant additions, made for the most part by Rowe. Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion and Archidamus are all names found in Plutarch's *Lives*. For the name 'Autolycus' v. note 4. 3. 25.

*Acts and Scenes.* F. divides into acts and scenes throughout, divisions which have generally passed without question, though some editors refuse to treat the Chorus as the opening of Act 4 as a separate scene.

*Punctuation.* Cf. pp. 113-14, 127. Very similar in character to that of *The Tempest*, except for its frequent use of the full-stop, which occurs too often to be noted, except when another stop is substituted for it. Most of the F. brackets have been retained.

*Stage-directions.* Cf. pp. 115-18. All original S.D.s are quoted in the notes.

## I. I.

S.D. F. 'Enter Camillo and Archidamus.' Theobald and most editors head the scene 'Antechamber in Leontes' palace.' There is no need to imagine a difference of place in scenes 1 and 2.

9. *us: we* So F. Theobald read 'us, we' and Camb. 'us we' Moorman restores the F. colon and interprets 'we will be...our loves' as 'but the cordiality of our welcome shall make amends.'

9-13. The dots in these lines are taken from the F.; cf. pp. 113-14.

16. *too dear* (F2) F. 'to deare'

25-6. *have been* (F2) F. 'hath been'

29. *from the...winds* i.e. from opposite points of the compass. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 516:

Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy.

30. *loves* Hanmer, Dyce, S. Walker, etc. read 'love' to which Furness subscribes on the ground that Archidamus in his reply speaks of 'it.' But he could hardly have said 'them' and the singular 'it' is quite natural in conversation.

36-7. *physics the subject* i.e. it does the nation good to see him.

43. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.' Cf. head-note.

## 1. 2.

S.D. F. 'Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.' As Camillo is already on, we omit him; cf. 1. 1. head-note. Theobald added 'and attendants.'

1. *Nine changes* etc. i.e. nine months. *the wat'ry star* Cf. *Ham.* 1. 1. 118 'the moist star upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands.'

6-9. *like a cipher...before it* Cf. *Hen. V*, Prol. 15-18 'since a crooked figure may,/Attest in little place a million;/And let us, ciphers to this great accompt' etc.

9-10. *Stay your thanks...part* Though very gracious on the surface, this remark, Leontes' first, is ominous; cf. *Temp.* 3. 3. 39 'Praise in departing,' a proverbial expression, meaning 'wait till the end before praising.' The problem of this scene is to determine at what point Leontes first becomes jealous. My own belief is that the actor who plays him should display signs of jealousy from the very outset and make it clear, as he easily may, that the business of asking Polixenes to stay longer is merely the device of jealousy seeking proof.

11-14. *I am questioned...truly* A difficult and much discussed passage. Most edd. read, with F2, a semicolon after 'absence,' and explain what follows as a wish, i.e. 'oh that no sneaping winds may blow to make me say I had only too much reason for my fears!' This is a forced sense; for why should 'sneaping (i.e. nipping) winds' confirm his fears? and surely Hanmer was right in seeing a connexion between 'breed' and 'sneaping' and 'put forth.' What Polixenes fears is conspiracy or faction at home, the breeding of which every fresh day's absence encourages; and it is 'absence' which 'may (= can) blow no sneaping winds' to nip breeding conspiracy in the bud and tell it that it puts forth shoots too like itself. Probably Hanmer was right to read 'early' for 'truly' and the emendation presents no graphical obstacles; but the change is not absolutely necessary.

15-16. *tougher...put us to't* v. G. 'put to it.'

17. *se'nnight* F. 'Seue'night' The F. apostrophe indicates the pronunciation intended; cf. *A.Y.L.* 3. 2. 312, *Macb.* 1. 3. 22. All mod. edd. read 'seven-night.'

24-5. *which to hinder...to me* i.e. to hinder which would, if you'll forgive me saying so, be highly vexatious. The F. brackets convey the tone of deference.

31-2. *this satisfaction...proclaimed* i.e. 'we had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia' (Johnson).

35, 36. *But* = only (in both lines).

41. *let...gest* v. G. 'let,' 'gest.'

43-4. *I love thee...her lord* i.e. my love is not a second less enduring than that which any lady of the world bears her husband. 'Jar o'th' clock' (v. G.) keeps up the notion of time begun in 'week' and 'month.' For 'Lady She' (F. 'Lady she') cf. below, 4. 4. 346, and *All's Well*, 2. 1. 79.

47. *limber* Not 'flexible, supple' as most explain (pointlessly) but 'limp, flabby' (v. N.E.D. 1 c 'in unfavourable sense, of things which are properly firm and crisp'). The point is that 'verily' is a feeble sort of oath; cf. 'in good sooth' 1 *Hen. IV*, 3. 1. 251-61 and above ll. 28-9.

53. *guest*; Rowe read 'guest?' which has attractions.

*fees* All public officials were entitled to demand a fee in payment for the execution of their functions (v. N.E.D. 'fee' 7). Thus, whether guilty or innocent, prisoners were liable to pay fees to the gaoler on liberation, and fees had even to be paid the hangman before execution (cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 3. 2. 217). N.E.D. quotes Lambarde, 1581, 'Two Justices of Peace may licence such as be delivered out of Gaoles to beg for their fees.'

57. *import offending* i.e. imply that I had committed some crime against you.

62-75. *We were, fair queen*, etc. This charming picture of childhood's innocence anticipates Earle's character of 'A Child' in *Microcosmographie*, 1628, and the

work of Vaughan and Traherne, which are generally regarded as the first expression in English literature of the romantic conception of childhood. Dramatically it is a masterpiece of irony with the livid face of Leontes in the background.

74-5. *the imposition...ours* i.e. absolved even from the inherited charge of original sin (after Furness). N.E.D. quotes no example earlier than the eighteenth century of 'imposition' in the sense of a schoolboy's punishment, but it would not be surprising to find it in use in the sixteenth, and a glance at this meaning would be very much in keeping not only with the context but with Shakespeare's manner.

80. *Grace to boot!* Heaven help me! v. G. 'boot.'

83-6. *Th'offences...but with us* Is it not more than probable that Leontes is intended by Shakespeare to overhear these equivocal words as he comes forward from behind, unseen by the speakers but in such a way that the audience can watch the play of his features?

86. *won* F. 'woon'

90. *when was't before?* She knows well enough, but thirsts to hear him say it. Her delicious light-heartedness is a foil to his gloom.

91-2. *cram's...tame things* Cf. *Ham.* 3. 2. 99 'promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so.'

94. *wages:* F. 'Wages.'

96. *heat* v. G.

97. *stay;* F. 'stay.'

103-104. *hand, And (F2)* F. 'Hand: A' For 'clap' v. G.

105. *I am yours for ever.* Leontes puts much meaning into this recital of the troth-plight.

106. *lo you* F. 'lo-you' *now,* F. 'now;'

108. S.D. Capell reads 'Giving her hand to Pol.'

117-18. *as 'twere The mort o'th' deer* i.e. with a sigh as loud as the blast on the hunting-horn announcing the death of a deer. A quibble upon 'dear' is intended, and Leontes hints that Hermione's sigh denotes complete surrender and the end of the chase.



119. *brows* Cf. ll. 128, 146, 186 for further hints at the cuckold's horns.

121. *hast smutched thy nose?* The business of the boy's smutched nose is no doubt symbolical of the father's suspicions, and 'they say it is a copy out of mine' seems to confirm this.

123. *not neat, but cleanly* Leontes 'recollecting that "neat" is the ancient term for horned cattle' adds 'not neat, but cleanly' (Johnson).

124. *heifer* (F3) F. 'Heycfer'

125-26. *virginalling/Upon his palm* Cf. *Son.* cxxviii.

128. *a rough pash and the shoots* i.e. a bull's shaggy head and horns.

129. *full like* F. 'full, like'

132. *o'er-dyed blacks* i.e. black garments which have been worn out by excessive or frequent dyeing. N.E.D. quotes W. Simpson, 1670, 'Dyers in the making of their Blacks use not Alum but Vitriol.' Leontes appears to have in mind the insincerity of widows who mourn a succession of husbands.

137. *my collop!* i.e. flesh of my flesh! Lit. collop = a slice from a joint of meat; and so Mamillius is 'a cut from the old bull,' for Leontes' mind still runs on horned beasts; 'dam' (= cow) shows this.

137-38. *Can thy dam?—may't be? Affection!... centre:* (Rowe, Steevens, 1778) F. 'Can thy Dam, may't be/Affection?...Center.' Hanmer first saw that a query had dropped out at the end of l. 137.

138-44. *Affection!...I find it.* A difficult passage. To understand it, we must (i) grasp its dramatic setting: Leontes gazes into the eye of his son, flesh of his flesh, an eye as clear and pure as the heavens, and cannot bring himself to believe that the boy's mother is anything but pure; yet...and then follows the passage, intentionally obscure because at that moment Hermione and Polixenes have come within earshot;—and we must (ii) realise that 'affection' and 'intention' are technical

terms in Elizabethan psychology: affection = natural tendency, instinct, (here) the sexual instinct, cf. *M.V.* 4. 1. 50-2, 'affection, Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood Of what it likes or loathes'; intention = the mental aim or purpose based upon the physical 'affection' = (here) appetite, cf. *M.W.W.* 1. 3. 64-6 'she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up.' To paraphrase, then: 'Desire! thy fancies penetrate the very soul of man: thou makest impossible things seem possible, partakest of the nature of dreams, cooperatest with unreality, and becomest fellow-worker with what does not exist. All the more then mayst thou combine with what *is* material, and thou dost and that beyond the pale of the law as I have discovered to my cost.'

141. *unreal thou* (Rann) F. 'unreal: thou'

142. *nothing: then* F. 'nothing. 'Then'

144-46. *And that...brows* The F. brackets mark off the words which Leontes does not wish Hermione and Polixenes to hear.

147. *How, my lord!* Dyce plausibly reads 'Ho! my lord'; 'how' is a frequent sp. for 'ho!' in the Qq. and Polixenes is clearly intended to wake Sicilia from his brooding abstraction.

148. *What cheer...brother?* Hanmer, followed by most mod. edd., continues this to Polixenes, though there is no sufficient reason for the change. 'Leontes,' writes Collier, 'is endeavouring to recover himself, and breaks from his fit of abstraction with the line "What cheer" etc.' and Furness adds that 'there is certainly need of some words or speech from him to span the gap from his turbulent soliloquy to the gay memories of his boyhood.' Further, we may note, 'best brother' is just the kind of exaggerated term of affection which a man would utter in such circumstances; cf. 'Hermione, my dearest' l. 88 above.

151, 152, 157. *its...its...its* According to figures

cited by Furness, the possessive pronoun 'its' occurs only ten times in the Folio, six of the instances being in this play; cf. 1. 266 below and 3. 3. 46, while of the old possessive 'it,' which is found fourteen times in Shakespeare, there are only two instances (2. 3. 178; 3. 2. 100). The presence of 'its' is perhaps due to Ralph Crane. Cf. pp. 114-18.

153-60. *Looking...gentleman* This passage fixes the age of Leontes at about thirty. Cf. note 2. 3. 162.

154. *methoughts* A grammatically incorrect formation, by analogy with 'methinks,' common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Cf. *M.V.* 1. 3. 66.

*recoil* (F3) F. 'requoyle'

158. *ornaments oft do* (Rowe) F. 'Ornaments oft do's'

160. *squash* Cf. *Tw. Nt.* 1. 5. 156 'Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod.'

161. *take eggs for money* A phrase of unknown origin meaning 'to be put off with something worthless' (v. N.E.D. 'egg' 4), and so 'to be imposed upon.' Leontes is glancing at his own treatment at the hands of Hermione.

163. *happy...dole* v. G.

168. *soldier, statesman*, F. 'Souldier: States-man;'

171-72. *So stands...with me* i.e. this young squire plays a similar part in my household, v. G. 'office.'

174-75. *How thou...be cheap* The double meaning of all this should not be missed.

176-77. *rover...Apparent to my heart* There is double meaning here also. 'Rover' harks back to 'his varying childness' of 1. 170, but it hints at Hermione's fickleness too, while 'next...apparent to my heart' means at once 'dearest to me' and 'heir apparent' or 'claimant' to Hermione.

180-81. *I am angling...line*. He is 'speaking of the freedom he allows' them (Sh. Eng. ii. 373).

183. *neb* v. G. 'To neb,' like 'to bill,' meant to kiss amorously; cf. Armin, *Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609, 'Shall not busse knight, shall not neb?' (qu. N.E.D.), and *T. & C.* 3. 2. 60 'what, billing again?' No doubt Hermione glances smilingly up at Polixenes as they go out.

185. *allowing* = applauding.

186. *a forked one* The cuckold's horns, but lately mere 'shoots' (l. 128), have now grown 'o'er head and ears.'

188. *issue* Refers to 'play...a part,' and means the exit of a player on the conclusion of his speech, v. G.

192-93. *even...while I speak this* Note this side-glance at the audience followed up in ll. 202-207 by 'think it...know't...many thousand on's.'

199. *revolted* v. G.

203. *south! be it* Capell 'south: be it' F. 'South, be it'

208. *you, they say* (F2) F. 'you say'

211. *Thou'rt* The usual Shakespearian form is 'th'art'; cf. note 2. 3. 146.

*an honest man* Cf. l. 160 'Mine honest friend.' The boy is 'honest' i.e. legitimate, and 'that's some comfort.'

213-14. *You had...home* Camillo is the perfect courtier and amplifies his master's observations.

214. *came home* v. G.

217. *They're here with me already* i.e. people are already mocking me. Staunton suggests that Leontes makes some gesture indicative of the cuckold's horns, and Furness quotes in support Chapman, *May-day*, 4. 4. 67-8 'As often as he turnes his backe to me, I shall be here V with him, that's certaine,' where the actor is clearly intended to lay his fingers V-shaped upon his forehead. There is, however, no need to suppose that Leontes does more than strike his brow.

224-25. *thy conceit...blocks* i.e. your understanding is quick and will absorb more than that of ordinary blockheads. A characteristic piece of Shakespearian

imagery, 'soaking' and 'blocks' both referring to the process of dyeing hats.

230. *Ha!* F. 'Ha?' The exclamation is a comment upon Camillo's 'most understand.'

237. *chamber-counsels* F. 'Chamber-Councils' All edd. read 'chamber-councils' Leontes refers, not to meetings of his Privy Council, but to matters which he and Camillo alone knew of—his secret sins. Cf. 2. 1. 52-55.

238. *bosom; ay, from thee* F. 'Bosom: I, from thee' As Furness alone appears to have seen, the comma after 'I' proves it to be, not a personal pronoun, as all mod. edd. read it, but the affirmative 'ay' which is always spelt 'I' in F.

243-44. *coward...hoxes honesty behind* It looks as if the metaphor here sprang from a quibble, or perhaps a false etymology which identified 'coward' with 'cowherd'—the latter, for instance, being Spenser's normal sp. of 'coward.'

254. *forth. In* (Theobald) F. 'forth in' *puts forth* = exposes itself to view.

268-72. The brackets here as elsewhere are from F.

268. *eye-glass* i.e. the lens of the eye, v. G.

269. *thicker...horn* Alluding to the cataract, known as the 'pin and the web,' the 'pin' being a spot or excrescence (= the horn) like a pin's head upon the eyeball, while the 'web' was a film; cf. below l. 291.

270. *For to...apparent* i.e. for to what is so obvious to sight. Is not 'vision' here used in its theological sense as of something miraculous? If so, Leontes is satirical—to the prurient world a queen's adultery is a 'vision,' a 'miracle.'

276. *hobby-horse* (Rowe) F. 'Holy-horse' Cf. *L.L.L.* 3. 1. 29-31, *Oth.* 4. 1. 160.

281. *present* i.e. instant.

284. *As deep...true* i.e. as great as her adultery, were she guilty of that—which she is not.

285. *meeting* F. 'meating'

286-87. *the career*/Of laughter A fine metaphor; running laughter is compared with a horse at full gallop, v. G. 'career.'

288. *Of breaking honesty* i.e. of transgressing the laws of chastity. 'To break matrimony' was a common sixteenth-century expression for 'to commit adultery,' v. N.E.D. 'break' 15d.

302. *a hovering temporizer* Like a hawk hesitating between two objects beneath it.

304. *wife's* (Rowe) F. 'wiues'

304-305. *liver...life* Daniel plausibly conj. that these words have been transposed, the 'liver' being the seat of the passions in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century physiology.

306. *glass* i.e. hour-glass.

307. *like her medal* F. 'like her Medull' i.e. as if she were her own portrait medallion hanging about his neck. Jewelled portraits in miniature were a fashionable ornament of the age; cf. *Tw. Nt.* 3. 4. 211; *L.L.L.* 5. 2. 4; and *Sh. Eng.* ii. 114-15.

314. *benched* A bench is here an official seat of honour, in contrast with the 'form' on which any man may sit; cf. 'lower messes' l. 227 above, *Lear*, 3. 6. 40 'thou his yoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his side,' and *Sir Thomas More* (Add. iii)

That I from such an humble bench of birth  
Should stepp as twere vp to my Countries head.

317. *give...lasting wink* Cf. *Temp.* 2. 1. 282 'To the perpetual wink for aye might put.'

323. *So sovereignly being honourable* i.e. who is so supremely honourable.

*honourable*, F. 'Honourable.' v. next note.

324. *T'have loved thee*— F. 'I haue lou'd thee,' The F. reading is impossible, since a man of Camillo's rank and birth could never address his king as 'thou,' still less

assure him that he had once loved him. Theobald therefore assigned the words to Leontes and Johnson agreed, though without enthusiasm. Our simple change makes all well, and the 'copy' may be held responsible for the error, since capital 'T' and 'I' were much alike in the secretary hand, while the spellings 'the' and 'thee' were practically interchangeable.

326. *To appoint...vexation* i.e. to bring this distress upon myself, v. G. 'appoint.'

326-27. *sully/The* (Theobald) F. prints 'sully' with l. 327.

333. *blench* v. G.

337. *forestalling* (Kellner, *Restoring Shakespeare*, p. 13) F. 'for sealing' F. makes a kind of sense but (with 'thereby') an exceedingly awkward construction. Kellner's proposal is graphically justifiable (*e:t* misreading) and eases the context greatly.

342. *My lord*, Broken line.

343-44. *as clear...feasts* Cf. *Macb.* 1. 5. 72 'Only look up clear' etc.

355. *in rebellion with himself* Cf. *M.W.W.* 1. 3. 99 'the revolt of mind is dangerous,' and *All's Well*, 5. 3. 6 'Natural rebellion, done i'th' blaze of youth.' The words 'rebellion' (v. G.) and 'revolt' (cf. *Tw. Nt.* G.) are often used by Shakespeare to mean sudden revulsions of mind and feeling, generally in reference to passion.

356. *so too* i.e. in rebellion, but here against 'anointed kings'; cf. l. 358.

357-61. *If I could find...forswear't* This looks topical and Jacobean; 'let villainy itself forswear't' has no close relation with the rest of the passage. It must be borne in mind that the play was acted at Court before King James on Nov. 5, 1611; and that Nov. 5 was the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot.

374-75. Hudson punctuates 'So leaves me to consider. What is breeding...manners?'—an attractive change, which would make Camillo's 'I dare not know' a reply to a direct question.

377. *dare not? do not.* (Capell) F. 'dare not? doe not?' By 'do not' Polixenes means 'What you intend to say is, you *do not*.'

378-80. *Be...thereabouts...you dare not* i.e. 'Be intelligible—it must be something of this nature: that you know and dare not tell; for what you know must be intelligible to yourself and you cannot say you dare not tell yourself' (Furness). Cf. *A. & C.* 3. 10. 29 'Are you thereabouts?'

387. *How!...me?* (Capell) F. 'How caught of me?'

388. *basilisk*: F. 'Basilisque.'

394. *In whose success* i.e. in succession from whom. *gentle*— F. 'gentle.'

400. *parts of man* v. G. 'part.'

403-404. *incidency...Is creeping* Furness describes this as 'somewhat of a confusion of metaphors'; but if Shakespeare, as is quite possible, associated 'incidency' with 'insidious,' the 'creeping' would follow naturally.

404. *near*; F. 'neere.'

411. *Cry* Imperative mood. For 'good night!' (= farewell for ever) cf. *A. & C.* 3. 10. 30; *Temp.* 4. 1. 54.

413. *For what!* F. 'For what:' A colon in F. often stands for an exclamation mark.

416. *To vice you to't* i.e. to force or screw you to it—with a quibble upon 'vice' = wickedness. Staunton quotes *Tw. Nt.* 5. 1. 121-22 'I partly know the instrument/That screws me from my true place in your favour.' In both instances the metaphor is suggested by the word 'instrument.' N.E.D. cites Marston, *Ant. Rev.* 2. 2. 'I see false suspect/Is vicde; wrung hardly in a vertuous heart'—where the quibble is the same as here.

424. *Swear this thought over* (Hudson) F. 'Sweare his thought ouer' Most explain F. as 'Outswear (= abjure solemnly) his suspicions,' but there seems no parallel for 'swear over' in this sense.

428. *As or...shake* F. 'As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counfaile) fhake'

445-46. *mouth:/Thereon his* So F. Most edd. since



Capell, except Moorman, read 'mouth, thereon/His' Deighton paraphrases 'whose death, as a sequel to his conviction, has been predetermined.'

448-49. *thy places...mine* i.e. you shall find high preferment at my court. v. G. 'place.'

456. *to him, why*, F. 'to him: why'

458-60. *Good expedition...suspicion!* A much discussed passage. Warburton's emendation 'queen's' for 'queen' has found favour with many. But Malone's comment seems to remove all difficulties: 'Comfort,' he writes, 'is, I apprehend, here used as a verb'; and he paraphrases 'Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion!' When Furness contends that the words 'but nothing...suspicion' show that Polixenes was 'entirely ignorant that Hermione is included in the worst suspicion of the king,' he seems to have overlooked Camillo's explicit statement in ll. 414-17.

459. *theme, but* F. 'Theame; but'

462. *off. Hence:* F. 'off, hence' Rowe and later edd. read 'off hence:'

465. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

## 2. 1.

S.D. F. 'Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.' The colon is noteworthy; cf. p. 123.

8. *Your brows are blacker* The boy is being, perhaps deliberately, rude: black brows were not admired in Shakespeare's day. Cf. *L.L.L.* 4. 3. 253-61, and *Son.* cxxx, cxxxi, cxxxii.

8-11. *blacker; yet...pen* F. 'blacker (yet...pen.)

11. *taught* So F. Rowe and most edd. read 'taught you,' cf. pp. 113-14.

25-6. F. divides 'A sad...Winter;/I haue...Goblins.' We follow Dyce's arrangement like most mod. edd.

29. S.D. *he...knee* 'This position is suggested by 'give't me in mine ear' (l. 32), and adds force to 'I am glad you did not nurse him' (l. 56).

31. *Yon crickets* i.e. 'the ladies-in-waiting, with their tittering and chirping laughter' (Furness).

31-2. *Come on...ear* F. prints in one line.

32. S.D. F. gives no entry, v. pp. 115-17.

38. *Alack...knowledge!* 'O, that my knowledge were less!' (Johnson).

39-45. *There may be...hefts* A widespread superstition; note that the spider is only poisonous when the victim is conscious he has drunk it. Staunton quotes Middleton, *No wit like a woman's*, 2. 1. 'Even when my lip touch'd the contracting cup, Even then to see the spider.'

40. *drink*, F. 'drinke';

41. *venom* (for F. 'venom: (for'

42. *infected*): F. 'infected')

51. *a pinched thing* i.e. a wretch upon the rack; cf. *All's Well*, 4. 3. 121 'If ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more,' and N.E.D. 'pinch' 5.

52-55. *the posterns...too well* Another reference to Leontes' secret vices; cf. note 1. 2. 237.

69. *her without-door form* Walker quotes *Cym.* 1. 6. 15 'All of her, that is out of door, most rich.'

71. *ha!*—*these* F. 'Ha, (these' Most edd. read 'ha, these' The 'brands' are of course 'the shrugs, the hums, the ha's.'

83. *Which...place* i.e. a name I will not give one of your high position. Possibly 'Ile' in F. should read 'Ild.'

90. *fedary* (Dyce) F. 'Federarie' Cf. *Cym.* 3. 2. 21 'foedarie' and *Meas.* 2. 4. 122 'fedarie.' N.E.D. suggests that 'Federarie may be a misprint or a scholarly correction, as the usual form "Fedarie" suits the metre better.' The word is a variant of 'feudary,' i.e. lit. a

feudal tenant, and so, retainer, dependent. Perhaps the error arose through analogy with 'confederate.'

102-103. *The Centre...top* Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 597 'if this fail, The pillared firmament is rottenness, And earth's base built on stubble,' v. G. 'centre.'

104. *afar off guilty* (F4) F. 'a farre-off guiltie' i.e. indirectly guilty, an accomplice. Cf. *M.W.W.* 1. 1. 195 'a kind of tender made afar off.'

105. *But that he speaks* i.e. Even if he only speaks, or By the fact of speaking.

118. *good fools* A term of endearment.

121. *this action I now go on* Johnson and many others interpret 'action' in the legal sense as 'indictment,' but this does not suit with 'go on.' Hermione's metaphor is a military one: she is undertaking a campaign for her honour, v. G. 'grace.'

125. S.D. F. gives no exit.

134-35. *I'll keep...wife* 'This rather coarse expression has been explained differently by almost every commentator. The general sense seems clear, viz. 'I shall lock my wife up as mares are shut up in the stable, that is, away from the stallions.' Antigonus is a 'horsy' character and speaks the language of the stable throughout.

135. *go in couples* i.e. coupled by a leash to her, like two dogs.

143. *lam-damn* F. 'Land-damne' Much annotated, but no satisfactory solution hitherto offered, though most agree that the word means a sound beating of some kind. The reading we propose assumes that Antigonus in his vigorous fashion coins a word, the 'lam' portion meaning of course 'thrash.' If Shakespeare wrote 'lam' as 'lame' with an oversized *e*, the misprint would be explained as one of the common minim and *e:d* variety.

145. *nine* F. 'nine:'

*some five* i.e. about five.

146. *for't: by* F. 'for't. By'

153. *doing thus* Most agree that stage-business takes

place here and that Leontes makes free with some part of Antigonus' person. The suggestion that he tweaks the old man's nose first came from Capell, and carries conviction in view of 'You smell this business...a dead man's nose.' To pull a person's nose implied that he was an ass, cf. *Oth.* 1. 3. 407. One has only to recall how Queen Elizabeth boxed the ears of her ladies-in-waiting, and sometimes even of her chief courtiers, in public, to see that a seventeenth-century audience would find nothing surprising in Leontes' action.

154. *The instruments that feel* i.e. (i) Leontes' fingers; (ii) Hermione and Polixenes.

157. *the whole dungy earth* Cf. *A. & C.* 1. 1. 35-6; 5. 2. 7-8.

159. *Upon this ground* i.e. in a matter of this kind.

163. *forceful instigation* i.e. impetuous impulse.

164. *Calls* i.e. calls for.

165-67. *which...Relish a truth* Both 'which' and 'a truth' are the objects of 'relish,' and the sense will be clear to the reader if he takes 'which' as 'in respect of which'; the auditor will have no difficulty, since the construction is the loose one we are accustomed to in speech; cf. a similar instance at 5. 1. 136-37.

166. *in skill* i.e. in craft.

169-70. *on't, is all/Properly ours* (Theobald) F. 'on't,/Is all properly ours' v. G. 'properly.'

176. *as ever touched conjecture* i.e. as ever conjecture sached to.

179. *proceeding*: F. 'proceeding.'

182. *wild* i.e. rash, headstrong.

*I have* (F2) F. 'I hane'

184. *Cleomenes* (Capell) F. 'Cleomines'—and so throughout.

185. *Of stuffed sufficiency* i.e. of more than adequate competence. Cf. *Oth.* 1. 3. 224 'of most allowed sufficiency.'

186. *all* i.e. all we need to know, the whole truth.

193-96. *So have...perform* i.e. with the same care for the general weal, I thought it best to shut up the queen, lest access to my person should enable her to carry out the treachery plotted by Camillo and Polixenes.

198. *raise us all* i.e. rouse us all to action.

199. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

## 2. 2.

S.D. F. 'Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.' Capell read 'The outer room of a Prison.' Furness (v. note l. 55) believes that the scene takes place outside the prison walls; but he has overlooked ll. 46-7 ('Please your ladyship/To visit the next room') which must have been spoken within-doors.

6. *whom much* (F2) F. 'who much'

9. *Here's ado* F. prints this with l. 10.

19-20. *Here's such...colouring* F. 'Heere's such a-doe, to make no ftaine, a ftaine,/As paffes colouring.' It is the 'ado to make no stain a stain' which 'passes colouring' (= the dyer's art), not, as Furness interprets, the stain itself. The quibble in 'colouring' (v. G.) supports this.

21. *gracious* (F2) F. 'gtacious'

23. *on* i.e. following on, in consequence of.

32. *best*; F. 'best.'

33. *let my tongue blister* Referring to the notion that falsehood blistered the tongue; cf. *L.L.L.* 5. 2. 334-35 'Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.—A blister on his sweet tongue'; *Tim.* 5. 1. 135 'For each true word, a blister!' (v. Tilley, 44). *blister*, F. 'blifter.'

34-5. *to my red-looking anger be/The trumpet* Heralds were loud-voiced persons dressed in red and often bore candid, or insulting, messages; their 'trumpet' was a man who preceded them.

47. *presently* (F2) F. 'presenrly'

49. *hammered of* v. G. 50. *tempt* v. G.

52. *wit* i.e. words of wisdom, for the king's good.

53. *let't* (F<sub>3</sub>) F. 'le't'

55. *come something nearer* These words persuaded Furness that the scene takes place without the prison walls; but Emilia is merely repeating her request of ll. 46-7 that they should repair to 'the next room.' The conditions of the Elizabethan stage must be borne in mind also. The two are on the outer stage; and as Emilia speaks she motions with her hand towards the inner stage or one of the side doors, and then exits.

58. *sir*: F. '(fir)' 66. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

## 2. 3.

S.D. F. 'Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.' v. pp. 115-17. The order of these names, as elsewhere in the text, denotes the order of entry, and I have arranged the scene accordingly.

2. *weakness*. *If* (Collier) F. 'weakneffe, if'

3. *The cause* In its ordinary sense, but with reference also to its common meaning of 'disease' (cf. *All's Well*, 2. 1. 111 'malignant cause'; *Cor.* 3. 1. 235 'cure this cause').

4. *harlot* v. G.

5-6. *out of the blank/And level* i.e. beyond the range of my aim, v. G. 'blank,' 'level,' and cf. *Ham.* 4. 1. 42 'As level as the cannon to his blank.'

8. *Given to the fire* 'In cases of high treason or petty treason by women (i.e. murder, or conniving at the murder, of a husband or master) the sentence was death by burning' (Sh. Eng. i. 399). He considers Hermione guilty both of high and petty treason.

9. *Who's* F. 'Whose'—a common sp. Cf. *Ham.* 1. 1. 1.

11. *'Tis hoped* F. prints this with l. 10. We follow the arrangement of Steevens and all mod. edd.

13. *mother*, F. 'Mother.'

18. *no thought of him* i.e. of Polixenes.
26. S.D. F. 'Enter Paulina.'
28. *tyrannous* i.e. cruel, as always in Shakespeare.
30. *free* i.e. innocent.
37. *medicinal* Probably pronounced 'medcinal'—  
a common sp. in Qq.
39. *What noise* (F2) F. 'Who noise'
41. *gossips* i.e. sponsors for the infant.
48. *Unless...done* F. encloses this line in brackets;  
the second bracket should probably follow 'honour' in  
l. 49.
49. *Commit me* i.e. to prison.
52. *But she'll not stumble* We mark this 'aside' since  
it expresses Antigonus' confidence in what his wife is  
about to say, a confidence he would hardly express in  
Leontes' hearing. He speaks, as usual, the language of  
the 'manage.'
- 53-5. *profess...dare* (Rowe, Steevens) F. 'professes  
...dares' Shakespeare could hardly have written 'pro-  
fesses myself.'
56. *comforting* v. G.
60. *I say good queen* F. prints this as a separate  
line.
61. *by combat* Referring to the 'trial by battle' or  
'single combat,' in which according to the laws of  
chivalry a lady's honour might be vindicated if her  
champion won.
- good, so* (Theobald) F. 'good so,'
69. *intelligencing* He means that Paulina has acted  
as a go-between for Hermione and Polixenes.
75. *tired*, F. 'tyr'd:'
76. *Dame Partlet* The traditional proper name of  
the hen, as Reynard is of the fox; cf. Caxton, *Reynard*,  
'Chantedclere, the cock, Pertclot, wyth alle theyr  
children.'
79. *by that forced baseness* i.e. under the name of  
bastard.

87. *Whose sting...sword's* Cf. *Cym.* 3. 4. 35 'slander/Whose edge is sharper than the sword.'

92-3. *beat...baits* A quibble.

95. *the dam* Cf. note 1. 2. 137.

96. *to the fire!* Cf. note 1. 8 above.

97. *th'old proverb* Staunton quotes from Overbury's character of a Sergeant: 'The devill cals him his white sonne; he is so like him that he is the worse for it, and he takes after his father' (p. 163, Rimbault, *Misc. Works of Sir Thomas Overbury*, 1856).

99-100. *print...matter...copy* Metaphor from the printing-house.

101. *the valley* Perhaps the cleft of the chin; cf. *T. & C.* 1. 2. 131 'She came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.'

103. *finger*: F. 'Finger.'

115. *It is an heretic...fire* Perhaps a reference to the fires of Smithfield in Mary's reign.

119. *weak-hinged* i.e. dependent upon slender evidence. Doors 'hang' by their hinges; cf. *Oth.* 3. 3. 365 'That the probation bear no hinge nor loop/To hang a doubt upon.'

134. *fire*; F. 'fire.'

137. *seize* i.e. deprive thee of, v. G.

146. *You're* The usual Shakespearian form is 'y'are'; cf. note 1. 2. 211.

160. *Lady Margery* Glossed by the commentators as 'a term of contempt,' which is obvious from the context; the special point has escaped notice. A 'margery-prater' was the cant term for a 'hen' (v. Harman, *Caveat for Common Cursetors*, 1567, ed. Furnivall, p. 83), and 'Lady Margery' is therefore a variant on 'Dame Partlet' (l. 76); v. N.E.D. for further contemporary instances.

162. *So sure as this beard's grey* The beard cannot be Leontes' (v. note 1. 2. 153-60); it must therefore be Antigonus', with which Leontes perhaps makes free, as he had done with his nose at 2. 1. 153.



178. *to it own* Cf. note 1. 2. 151.

179-82. *strange...strangely* v. G. 'strange.' Leontes is hinting at the fact that Polixenes, the child's father as he believes, is a 'stranger,' i.e. foreigner.

180. *in justice* The foreign bastard is an intruder and deserves banishment.

186. *Some...ravens* Cf. 1 Kings xvii. 4-6.

189. *offices of pity* Cf. *M.V.* 4. 1. 33 'offices of tender courtesy.'

190. *require* v. G. and cf. 3. 2. 63.

191. *Against* i.e. as protection against.

192. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

193. S.D. F. 'Enter a Seruant.'

202. *session* v. G.

207. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

### 3. 1.

S.D. F. 'Enter Cleomines and Dion.' Theobald heads the scene 'A part of Sicily near the seaside' and Camb. 'A sea-port in Sicilia'; but as Köppel notes the messenger who arrives at court in the previous scene had left the envoys at the sea-port and they had been posting hard ever since. The reference to 'fresh horses' (l. 21) fixes the place sufficiently as a post-stage (though the term itself is not recorded before 1642).

2. *the isle* Shakespeare here follows *Pandosto*, which confuses Delos, the island sacred to Apollo in the Cyclades, with Delphi, the seat of the oracle, which lay in Phocis on the mainland. Cf. *Intro.* pp. xiv, xv.

14. *The time...on't* i.e. The time has been well spent. v. G. 'use.'

18. *business*, F. 'Bufineffe,'

19. *great divine* i.e. the chief priest.

20. *discover*, F. 'discover:'

22. S.D. F. 'Excunt.'

## 3. 2.

S.D. F. 'Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.'

1. *sessions* Collective plural. 'Sessions' and 'session' interchangeable in use; cf. 2. 3. 202, and *Oth.* 3. 3. 140 where Q. reads 'sessions' and F. 'session.'

2. *heart*: F. 'heart.'

4-5. *Let us...tyrannous* Paulina's accusation (2. 3. 115-21) rankles.

7. *purgation* v. G.

10. F. prints this line thus:

Appear in perfon, here in Court. *Silence.*

—where 'Silence' is clearly taken as a S.D. Rowe saw that it belonged to the Officer's speech. The exclamation is, we take it, occasioned by the murmurs of the crowd as Hermione enters, and seems to have been written separately from the rest of the speech in the copy because it *was* separated from it by the Queen's entry, which is there of course not given.

18. *pretence* v. G.

29. *as they do* The brackets add great emphasis to these words.

33. *Who* (Rowe) F. 'Whom'

35. *which is more* i.e. unhappiness which is greater.

36. *history* v. G. 38. *owe* own.

40. *a hopeful prince* Cf. the mod. phrase 'young hopeful' (now ironical).

42-3. *For life...spare* Johnson paraphrases "'Life' is to me now only 'grief,' and as such only is considered by me: I would therefore willingly dismiss it.' This is to take 'prize' and 'weigh' as synonyms. Rather, I think, the sense is: 'The more grief I have—and every moment I live now throws new grief into the scales—the less I prize life; I would willingly spare (i.e. keep back, as a careful housewife "spares" her ingredients as

she weighs them out) grief, but I have no wish to spare (i.e. save) life.'

49-50. *With what...appear thus* A passage much discussed and emended; but if it be remembered that the principal sentence is 'I appeal to your own conscience' (with 'to declare' understood), there is no real difficulty. She adjures him to reveal in what way, since Polixenes came, she had so strained her conscience or her marriage oaths by unseemly behaviour as to merit this public trial. The whole point of the appeal is its delicacy: 'strain' = to depart *in spirit* from the path of duty; 'encounter' = external behaviour; 'uncurrent' = a little out of the ordinary.

59. *mistress of* i.e. owner of. Cf. *A.Y.L.* 1. 2. 2-3 'I show more mirth than I am mistress of.'

60. *Which* i.e. what, or that which. Cf. *Ado*, 4. 2. 79 'and, which is more, an officer.'

63. *required* v. G.

69-71. *whose love...yours* Cf. 1. 2. 62-75.

72-3. *I know not...try how* 'I am an utter stranger to its taste, and should be so even if it were served up for me to try' (Deighton).

76. *Wotting* i.e. if they wot.

81. *in the level of your dreams* at the mercy of (lit. within range of) your imagination. v. G. 'level.'

85. *fact* v. G.

86. *concerns more than avails* i.e. gives you more trouble than it is worth, v. G. 'concern,' 'avail.'

87. *like to itself* i.e. as an outcast should be; cf. 2. 3. 179-83.

90. *in whose easiest passage* He hints at torture.

93. *no commodity* i.e. nothing I can turn to advantage. She then proceeds to reckon up her goods. 'Commodity' is a commercial term, v. G.

95. *give lost* Cf. *A. & C.* 1. 4. 40 'Men's reports/ Give him much wronged.'

100. *in it most innocent* Cf. note 1. 2. 151.

101. *post* v. G.

102. *immodest* v. G.

104. *fashion* v. G.

105. *i'th'open air* The fresh air was considered most dangerous to invalids by doctors of this period. Cf. *Tw. Nt.* 3. 4. 135 'take air and taint' and *Jul. Caes.* 2. 1. 261-67.

106. *strength of limit* i.e. the strength which returns to a woman when she has rested the prescribed period after child-birth, v. G. 'limit.'

109. *mistake me not: no life!* i.e. do not mistake me, I am not pleading for my life. (The credit of first seeing the drift of this belongs to Furness.)

114. *rigour and not law* i.e. the rigour of the law without its legality. Cf. *Pandosto* (p. 24) 'Therefore, if she were condemned without any further proof, it was rigour and not law.'

119. *The Emperor of Russia* In Greene's novel the Emperor of Russia is the father-in-law of Polixenes (Egistus) not Leontes (*Pandosto*). 'But the mention of her father by Hermione at this point is a fine touch of Shakespeare's art, giving a sense of majesty and pathos' (Charlton).

*father:* F. 'Father.'

122. *flatness* v. G.

123. S.D. F. gives none. The omission is particularly striking at a point like this.

134-35. *the king shall live without an heir* These words are found in the 1588 ed. of *Pandosto*, but the 2nd (1607) ed. reads 'the King shall die without an heir'—which suggests that *W.T.* was derived from the earlier ed. v. *Pandosto*, p. x (introd.).

137-38. *Ay, my lord...set down* F. prints as one line; Capell rearranged.

143. *conceit* v. G.

144. *speed* v. G.

155. *woo* F. 'woe'

162-64. *though I...being done* An instance of what has been called 'respective construction'; cf. 4.4. 374-75.

167. *the certain hazard* (F2) F. 'the hazard' With 'incertainties' in the line following, the F2 emendation, whoever made it, is brilliant and as convincing as most guesses.

169. *No richer...honour* i.e. sacrificing everything but honour.

170. *Thorough my rust* (Malone) F. 'Through my rust' F2 gives us 'Through my dark rust,' which is almost as attractive as the emendation in l. 167.

172. *O, cut my lace* This, which seems extravagant to some mod. edd., was a common exclamation for an agitated lady in Shakespeare's day. Cleopatra is made to use it when vexed with Antony (*A. & C.* 1. 3. 71) and Queen Elizabeth in *R. III* (4. 1. 34) almost anticipates Paulina's very words, 'O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart/May have some scope to beat.' Cf. also Dekker, *Honest Whore* (Pearson, *Works*, ii. 30), Webster, *Northward Hoe!* (Hazlitt, *Works*, i. 200). Lear's famous 'Pray you, undo this button' gives expression to the same physiological notion.

183. *spices* v. G.

185. *of a fool* We should now say 'for a fool.' N.E.D. ('of' 24a) quotes Dryden 'Caesar...the greatest traveller, of a prince, that has ever been.'

187-88. *Thou wouldst...kill a king* Malone asks 'How should Paulina have known this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent,' and Halliwell suggests that Camillo had confided in her before leaving Sicily. The truth is, Shakespeare was careless in points like this because he knew that no one would think of asking such questions in the theatre.

189. *more...by* i.e. in comparison with others more monstrous [1950].

192. *shed water out of fire* i.e. 'dropped tears from burning eyes' (Cowden-Clarke).

199. *said* i.e. said it.

208. *all thy woes can stir* i.e. all thy lamentations can shift. Cf. *Ado*, 5. 3. 33 'for whom we rendred up this woe.'

211. *still winter* perpetual winter.

221-22. *What's gone...past grief* Cf. *Macb.* 3. 2. 11 'Things without all remedy/Should be without regard.' A proverbial notion, v. Tilley, 133.

222-23. *do not receive...petition* Do not take my petition to heaven for vengeance (cf. ll. 200-201) too much to heart.

239. *recreation* Mod. edd. interpret this 'restoration to health.' But the word generally means 'diversion' or 'amusement' in Shakespeare, and with 'exercise' (v. G.) in l. 240 certainly means so here. The only recreation he will allow himself is tears; he is in no mood to desire 'restoration' of any kind.

239-40. *So long as nature...bear up* i.e. as long as he lives.

242. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

### 3. 3.

S.D. F. 'Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepeheard, and Clowne.'

1-2. *our ship...Bohemia* Shakespeare was merely following *Pandosto* in giving a sea-coast to Bohemia, but pedantry has made great fun of the error both in his own day and since. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Conversations with Drummond* 'Sheakspear in a play brought in a number of men saying they had suffered Shipwrack in Bohemia wher y<sup>r</sup> is no Sea neer by some 100 miles.' Jonson's *Works*, i. 138 (Herford and Simpson).

11. *weather*; F. 'weather.'

15. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

16-17. *I have...walk again* Antigonus touches upon one of the standing controversies of the age, and declares himself on the side of the Protestant doctors. Cf. *Introd.*

Lewes Lavater, *Of Ghostes* etc. (ed. J. D. W. and May Yardley, 1929).

21. *vessel* Commonly used of the body, as the receptacle of the soul; cf. *Jul. Caes.* 5. 5. 13 'Now is that noble vessel full of grief.'

22. *So filled, and so becoming* This has puzzled all, since 'the association of "becoming" with the preceding "filled" seems out of place' (Moorman), and many emendations have been offered. If the two words, however, be taken in a quibbling sense, characteristic of Shakespeare, all seems well. Referring both to the person and the vessel, the phrase then means (a) so complete and so beautiful, (b) so full and yet still becoming full.

24. *cabin* v. G.

29. *thrower-out* (F2) F. 'Thower-out'

40. *superstitiously* i.e. contrary to the Protestant doctrine which held that 'the spirits o'th' dead' may not 'walk again.' Cf. note ll. 16-17 above.

47. *thy character* i.e. the written description from which Perdita was later identified.

*these* The gold and jewels found with the child. That the gold was in a box is clear from 4. 4. 750.

48-9. *Which may...rest thine* Which may perhaps pay for thy bringing up and provide something over and above.

51. *loss, and what may follow* i.e. perdition and perhaps being torn in pieces by the 'creatures of prey' (l. 12).

57. *the chase* i.e. the hunted animal. That the bear is actually being hunted is clear from ll. 64-5.

58. S.D. F. 'Exit pursued by a Beare.' Cf. p. 119. This and the two S.D.s about the dances in 4. 4. are the only ones of any significance in the text. That Shakespeare intended Antigonus to perish in this fashion there can be no question; nor can it be disputed that tame bears (very tame) were seen upon the stage at this period. The popular *Mucedorus*, for example, was

revived in 1610 or 1611, and a new scene was written for a performance at Court on Shrove Sunday (Feb. 3) by Shakespeare's company in which the clown, in attempting to escape from a white bear, is actually made to tumble over her on the stage. Furthermore, two white bears figured in Jonson's masque *Oberon* (Jan. 1, 1611) drawing the chariot of the Fairy King, who was probably played by Prince Henry (cf. Chambers, *Eliz. Stage*, iii. 385, iv. 34-5; *Shak.* i. 489; and *Mucedorus*, 1, ii). After this it can hardly be doubted that Antigonus was pursued by a polar bear on the shores of Bohemia in full view of the audience at the Globe.

59. *ten* Hanmer altered to 'thirteen' and the Globe edd. to 'sixteen,' because as Capell puts it 'ten is rather too early for some of the pranks complained of'—forgetting that the Shepherd is a clown and that his 'ten' raises a laugh.

65. *scared* F. 'scarr'd'

67. *browsing of ivy* Cf. *Pandosto* (p. 33) 'It fortun'd a poor mercenary shepherd...missed one of his sheep, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by...wandered down toward the sea cliffs to see if perchance the sheep was browsing on the sea ivy, whereon they greatly do feed; but not finding her there, as he was ready to return to his flock he heard a child cry.'

69-70. *A boy or a child* Apparently in west country dialect 'child' often stood for female infant (v. N.E.D. 'child' 2a), and west country dialect was the conventional speech of yokels on the Elizabethan stage. The expression probably sounded as ridiculous to Londoners then as it does now. The word 'barne' is of course also dialect, and not necessarily northern dialect in Shakespeare's day.

71. *scape* v. G.

73. *trunk-work* v. G.

76. S.D. F. 'Enter Clowne.'

82. *I am not to say it is a sea* etc. Cf. Miranda's description of the tempest:



The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
 But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,  
 Dashes the fire out. *Temp.* 1. 2. 3-5.

87. *takes up* rebukes—continuing the metaphor of 'chafes' and 'rages.'

92. *land-service* A quibble, 'service' meaning (a) military service—as opposed to naval service—and (b) a dish at table; cf. *Ham.* 4. 3. 25-6 'variable service, two dishes, but to one table.'

105-106. *I would...lacked footing* We follow Theobald in treating this unfilial wish as an aside. The point of the whole dialogue, we take it, is that while the Clown pretends to his father to be much affected by the double disaster he has a secret understanding with the spectators that he is only fooling the old man. The words 'your charity would have lacked footing' seem to refer to the fashion of the day for establishing charitable foundations (cf. N.E.D. 'footing' 7, 8), such establishments, of course, not being encouraged by heirs, of whom the Clown was one.

114. *made* (Theobald) F. 'mad' The emendation is supported by *Pandosto*, p. 35 'The good old man desired her [his wife] to be quiet...if she could hold her peace they were made for ever.' But the Clown may be quibbling upon 'mad'; cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 2. 4. 541.

115. *well to live* v. G. and cf. *M.V.* 2. 2. 49 'and God be thanked well to live'—a similar quibble.

117-18. *fairy gold...keep it close* 'To divulge the possession of fairies' gifts was supposed to entail misfortune. Thus, Ben Jonson—"A prince's secrets are like fairy favours, Wholesome if kept; but poison if discover'd'" (Staunton).

118. *close* v. G. *next* v. G.

119. *still* for ever.

127. *sight* (F. some copies) Other copies read 'fight.'

132. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

## 4. I.

S.D. F. 'Enter Time, the Chorus.' The style of this Chorus, with its rhyming couplets, its forced rhymes, its jerky rhythms and its obscure emptiness, is exactly that of the verse in *Meas.* and *All's Well* which I attribute to a collaborator. Heath regarded it as 'an interpolation of the players,' and R. G. White, remarking that 'there could hardly be greater difference in style than that between Time's speech...and the rest of the verse of this play,' compares the Chorus with the Epilogue to *Temp.* and the Prologue to *Hen. VIII*, and suggests that they are by Chapman. Hudson writes 'As compared with the Choruses in *Hen. V*, the workmanship is at once clumsy, languid and obscure. Shakespeare, indeed, is often obscure; but his obscurity almost always results from compression of thought, not from clumsiness of tongue or brain.' It is noteworthy too that the punctuation, excellent in the rest of the text, goes to pieces in this speech.

6-7. *leave the growth...wide gap* 'Our author attends more to his ideas than his words...' 'To leave the growth untried' is 'to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined.' 'Untried' is not perhaps the word he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required' (Johnson).

9-11. *Let me pass...received* F. makes no pause at 'pass,' a dash seems to help the sense, the writer evidently having in mind the attribute of Jehovah ('I am'), which he applies to Time.

*received*: F. 'received.'

13-15. *make stale...seems to it* Cf. T.C. 3. 3. 176-79.

15. *seems* i.e. seems stale.

17-19. *Leontes...imagine me* (Staunton) F. gives no stop at 'leaving' and prints a period after 'himself.'

22. *I mentioned* etc. J. M. Robertson (*The Genuine in Shakespeare*, p. 133) suggests that this 'implies a previous prologue, which has been dropped.'

25. *Equal with wond'ring* 'equal to the admiring amazement it excites' (Charlton).

27-8. *daughter...after* The same rhyme occurs in *Shrew*, 1. 1. 237-38, while we get the sp. 'dafter' and 'grand-dafter' in Isaak Walton's will, 1683 (Moorman), and the rhyme 'hereafter'—'water' in Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (1621). What was the pronunciation? Cf. Viëtor, *Shakespeare's Pronunciation*, § 67.

32. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

#### 4. 2.

S.D. F. 'Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.'

8. *allay* (or F. 'allay, or' F. prints the other bracket after 'so')

13. *thee: thou* F. 'thee, thou'

19. *the heaping friendships* i.e. the heaping up of your friendly offices, v. G. 'friendship.'

27. *approved* v. G. 32. *exercises* v. G.

35-6. *I have eyes...removedness* i.e. I am having the young man kept under observation. There would be nothing distasteful to Elizabethans in the notion of a royal father thus setting spies upon his son.

45. *angle* i.e. the baited hook.

53. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

#### 4. 3.

S.D. F. 'Enter Autolycus finging.' Malone and most mod. edd. head this scene 'A road near the Shepherd's cottage'; the references to daffodils, the sheets upon the hedge, and henting the stile suggest that 'the foot-path way' is for the moment across the meadows. For the 'frieze jerkin' and the 'staff' v. note ll. 23-4 below.

4. *in the winter's pale* i.e. in the winter's pale blood.

6. *With hey!* So F. Most edd. read 'With heigh' to agree with l. 2, but the exclamations seem to have been different and to have been pronounced in different ways. Cf. N.E.D. 'heigh,' 'hey.'

7. *pugging tooth* Collier suggested that 'pugging' was a misprint for 'prigging' (v. G.), which is graphically possible, but since 'puggard' was a cant word for thief (cf. Middleton, *Roaring Girl*, 5. 1. 'cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, puggards, curbers'), and to 'pug' meant to pull off, the 'pugging tooth' clearly, I think, refers to the 'traffic in sheets' (v. note ll. 23-4). The 'tooth' is proverbial; 'to have a colt's tooth in one's head' meaning 'to have wanton desires' (of an old man). Cf. *All's Well*, 2. 3. 45 (note), and Tilley, 102. It was by 'pugging' that Autolycus procured the money for his 'quart of ale.'

10. *With heigh! with hey!* F. 'With heigh,' F2 and most edd. read 'With heigh! with heigh!' It seems best to combine the exclamations; cf. note l. 6.

*the jay* Perhaps in reference to the 'aunts'; cf. *M.W.W.* 3. 3. 39.

16-18. *The pale moon...right* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 2. 15 'we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars.'

20. *the sow-skin budget* The bag in which the tinker carried the implements of his trade. Among his *Fraternity of Vacabondes* (1561) Awdeley includes 'A tinkard' who 'leaveth his bag a-sweating at the Alehouse, which they term their Bowsing In, and in the meane season goeth abrode a-begging.' Cf. *The Second Part of Conny-catching*, 1592 (ed. Harrison, pp. 55-9).

*budget* F. 'Bowget'

23-4. *My traffic...lesser linen* i.e. 'When the kite is collecting material for its nest keep your eye on your lesser linen; when I am about to "feather my nest," keep your eye on your sheets' (Charlton). Autolycus, by profession a tinker, and by transmutation a pedlar, was by birth and education a hooker or angler, who are thus described by Harman in his *Caveat for Common Cursetors*, 1567 (ed. Furnivall, 1869, pp. 35-6) 'They commenly go in frese jerkynes and gally slopes, poynted benethe the kne; these when they practise there pylfringe, it is all by night; for, as they walke a day times from house to house,

to demaunde charitie, they vigelantly marke where or in what place they maye attayne to there praye, casting there eyes vp to euery wyndow, well noting what they se their, whether apparell or linnen, hanginge nere vnto the sayde wyndowes, and that wyll they be sure to haue the next night folowing; for they customably carry with them a staffe of v. or vi. foote long, in which, within one ynch of the tope therof, ys a lytle hole bored through, in which hole they putte an yron hoke, and with the same they wyll pluck vnto them quickly any thing that they may reche ther with...and what stuffe, either wollen or lynnyn, they thus hoke out, they neuer carye the same forthwith to their staulynge kens, but hides the same a iij. daies in some secret corner, and after conuayes the same to their houses abouesaid, where their host or hostys geueth them money for the same (but halfe the value that it is worth), or els their doxes shall afarre of sell the same at the like houses.' Cf. Greene (*Second Part of Conny-catching*, ed. Harrison, pp. 47-53).

25. *littered under Mercury* The Autolycus of classical mythology was the grandsire of Ulysses and the son of Mercury by Chione. Homer tells us that he 'outdid all men in thievery and skill in swearing,' but as Theobald noted, Shakespeare almost certainly took the name from the following passage in his favourite *Metamorphoses* of Ovid (Golding's trans. xi. 312):

Now when shee [Chione] full her tyme had gon, shee bare  
by Mercurye

A sonne that hyght Autolychnus, who provde a wyly pye,  
And such a fellow as in theft and filching had no peere.

The Bohemian Autolycus could not be the son of Mercury the god, but he was born when Mercury the star was in the ascendant.

26-7. *With die and drab...caparison* i.e. dice and women have brought me to these rags, v. G. 'drab,' 'purchase,' 'caparison.'

27. *revenue* A grand word, like 'caparison,' for his small takings.

28. *silly cheat* i.e. petty theft. Some take 'cheat' to refer to the victim, as it might in seventeenth-century thieves' cant, but it clearly means 'theft' at l. 117 below. For 'silly' v. G.

28-9. *Gallows...terrors to me* He explains why he prefers the life of a 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles' to that of highway robbery; 'knock' = the beating.

*highway*: F. 'Highway.'

30. *the life to come* i.e. the future (not 'the future life'). Cf. 'the time to come' 4. 4. 494.

31. S.D. F. 'Enter Clowne.'

32-3. *every 'leven wether tods* (Capell) F. 'euery Leauen-weather toddes' i.e. every eleven sheep yield a tod (= 28 lbs.) of wool.

33-4. *everytod...shilling* 'The average price of wool at Eton for the years 1572-82 (when Shakespeare was a boy at Stratford) was 20s. 9d. the tod of 28 lb. Eleven sheep to the tod would give a fleece of 2½ lb.' (G. Unwin, Sh. Eng. i. 329). The Clown is reckoning up his father's income; cf. note 3. 3. 105-106. Shakespeare knew all about tods of wool. His father, who was a wool-dealer, in 1599 sued a yeoman of Marlborough for £21, a debt incurred in 1568 on the purchase of 21 tods of wool (v. letter by Dr Leslie Hotson in *The Times*, Nov. 22, 1930).

34. *wool to?* (F2) F. 'wooll too?'

35. *cock* i.e. woodcock, a proverbially foolish bird.

38. *currants* (Rowe) F. 'Currence'

38-40. *what...lays it on*. It is clear that, as heir, he resents this squandering of his inheritance upon the sheep-shearing feast.

41-2. *three-man song-men* v. G.

44. *and he sings...hornpipes* i.e. he is a cheerful sort of puritan who, though he sings psalms, sings them to lively airs; v. G. 'hornpipe.'

45. *pies: mace: dates* F. 'Pies, Mace: Dates'

45-6. *out of my note* i.e. not in my list. The list is a memorial, not a written one, as some have supposed; had it been written, the Clown would not have mentioned 'dates' at all, since that item could not have appeared.

47-8. *prunes...raisins* (Pope) F. 'Prewyns...Rey-sons'

49-75. *O, that ever I was born!* etc. v. Introduction, p. xxii.

50. *I'th' name of me!* Most edd. take 'me' as intended for the incomplete word 'mercy.' There appears to be no other instance of 'In the name of me!' as an ejaculation, but it is quite a possible one (on the analogy of 'for the life of me,' 'body o' me'), if we remember that (i) a clown is speaking, and (ii) in view of the absurd statute against blasphemy upon the stage, such an expression would raise a laugh; cf. *Tw. Nt.* p. 97.

55. *offends* (F2) F. 'offend'

61. *detestable* (F2) F. 'derefestable'

63. *a horseman or a footman* i.e. a mounted soldier or a soldier on foot (cf. N.E.D. 'horseman' 1b, 'footman' 2). That this is the meaning is clear from 'if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service' (ll. 66-7), and the roads of England in Shakespeare's time were infested with discharged soldiers. It must be noted that 'footman' meant also a 'footpad,' and the Clown is perhaps intended to confuse the two.

74. S.D. Capell read 'Picks his pocket.' v. note ll. 49-75 above.

90. *no more but abide* i.e. make but a brief stay. The use of 'abide' for 'sojourn' is probably meant to be comic.

93. *compassed a motion* i.e. got possession of a puppet-show, v. G. 'motion.'

95. *land and living* landed property, v. G. 'living.'

96. *settled...in rogue* There is something of a quibble here, as 'rogue' in Shakespeare's day was practically equivalent to 'vagrant, vagabond.'

114. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

115. *not hot enough...spice* A 'cold purse' (cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 2. 4. 355) was an empty purse, and 'spices' comprised pepper, cloves, ginger and other 'hot' things.

117. *bring out another* i.e. he will procure his pedlar's outfit with the proceeds of his pickpocketing.

118. *unrolled* i.e. removed from the roll or 'fraternity of vagabonds,' cf. note l. 20 above.

123. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

#### 4. 4.

S.D. F. 'Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolycus.' Cf. pp. 115-17.

1. *unusual weeds* i.e. not the ordinary costume for the queen of the sheep-shearing, 'no shepherdess, but Flora' (cf. l. 10 'Most goddess-like pranked up'). Florizel is not paying a compliment merely, he is telling the audience what the costume signifies; and it appears from ll. 9-10 that he had designed it, with no doubt for himself a becoming swain's attire to match, which though Perdita complains of it (ll. 7-9, 12-13) was rich enough to suggest the court to Autolycus and the two shepherds (ll. 669-71, 724-31). This last is an important point since it has puzzled many why Autolycus is mistaken for a courtier after donning the prince's 'swain's wearing.' I owe the elucidation of it to Mr Granville-Barker who tells me that when he produced the play in 1912 the lovers both wore 'fancy-dress.' Cf. notes ll. 134, 143-46, and 'The queen of curds and cream' l. 161.

2. *Do* (Theobald) F. 'Do's'

*Flora* Cf. *Pandosto*, p. 38 'defending herself from the heat of the sun with no other veil but with a garland made of boughs and flowers, which attire became her so gallantly as she seemed to be the goddess Flora herself



for beauty.' Such a garland may well have formed part of Perdita's costume as 'Mistress o'th' Feast,' and Douce (*Illustrations*, ii. 454) writes 'There can be no doubt that the Queen of the May is the legitimate representative of the goddess Flora in the Roman festival.' Cf. note l. 134 below.

3. *Peering in April's front* i.e. not the saucy Flora of May or June, but the shy, peeping Flora at the beginning of April.

6. *extremes* v. G.

8. *mark* v. G.

11. *folly* F. 'folly;'

12. *Digest it* (F2) F. 'Digest'

*with a custom* Edd. explain 'from habit' but quote no parallels, Shakespeare's usual expression being 'of custom.' Possibly we should read 'with *accustom*' — 'accustom' being an obs. word meaning 'usage, tradition'; cf. Skelton 'the accustome and usage of auncient poetis,' and Leland, *Itinerary* 'by auncient accustome' (N.E.D.).

13. *swoon* (Theobald) F. 'sworne' Edd. make valiant efforts to extract meaning from the F. reading, but 'swound' (the usual Shakespearian form of 'swoon') might easily be misread as 'sworne,' through the *e* : *d* and minim confusion, and the change assists the sense so greatly that it seems irresistible. Some object that Perdita would not swoon; perhaps not, but she might say she would, to a lover. Furthermore, she is evidently in great agitation at the opening of this scene.

15. *When my good falcon* etc. Cf. *Pandosto*, p. 42 'it fortun'd that Dorastus, who all that day had been hawking, and killed store of game, encountered by the way these two maids' (i.e. Fawnia and a shepherdess).

17. *the difference* i.e. of our ranks.

22. *Vilely bound up* She refers to his 'swain's wearing.' The metaphor from book-binding is highly elaborated in *R. & F.* i. 3. 81-92, and again 3. 2. 83 'Was ever book containing such vile matter/So fairly bound?'

27. *them*: F. 'them.'

32. *beauty rarer*, (Rowe) F. 'beauty, rarer,'

33. *in a way* i.e. in a fashion. 'Chaste' refers to himself and his purposes, not to Perdita as some have supposed.

33-5. *since my desires...my faith* This somewhat strange remark of Florizel's finds striking parallels in *Temp.* 4. 1. 14-23, 51-6; cf. also below 5. 1. 230.

40. *Or I my life* i.e. or I shall forfeit my life as a traitor. Furness thinks she means only that she will give up her courtship, but her words, so emphatic and absolute at the end of her speech, can surely refer to death alone. That she well might fear it, is clear from ll. 431-38 below.

*dearest* (F2) F. 'deer'ft

43. *father's*: F. 'Fathers.'

45. *thine*: F. 'thine.'

54. *let's be red with mirth* v. G. 'red.' The injunction suggests that Perdita is pale with agitation.

55. *lived*, F. 'liu'd.'

57. *all, served all*: F. 'all: seru'd all,'

60. *On his shoulder* i.e. at his shoulder, serving food or drink.

63. *one*, F. 'one:'

66. *known*: F. 'knowne.'

75. *Seeming and savour* i.e. colour and scent.

76. *Grace and remembrance* Rue was the 'herb of grace' (signifying repentance), and rosemary was 'the herb sacred to remembrance and therefore to friendship' (Sir Thos. More: v. Ellacombe, *Plant Lore of Shakespeare*, 1878, p. 201). Cf. *Ham.* 4. 5. 181-82.

81. *o'th' season* She means she has been forced to give them 'flowers of winter,' because she does not grow the late summer flowers, appropriate to late middle age.

82. *carnations...gillyvors* Perdita's modesty dislikes these flowers partly because of their popular association with loose living. Cf. Spenser, *Shep. Cal.* April, 138

'Bring carnations and sops in wine, worn of paramours,' and v. N.E.D. for instances of 'gillyflower' in the sense of 'light woman.'

90-2. *so, over that art...nature makes* i.e. so above the art of the gardener is the art (Nature's art) that makes the gardener's art itself. The horticultural problems connected with variation, which occupied Darwin later, were being much discussed in Shakespeare's day, and no doubt there were many who held with Perdita that it was impious to interfere with 'great creating Nature.' That this discussion was especially connected with experiments by gardeners with gillyflowers and carnations is clear from an interesting passage in Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*, cited in Sh. Eng. (i. 514):

Take Gilliflowers seed...and sow it, and there will come up Gilliflowers, some of one colour, and some of another, casually as the seed meeteth with nourishment in the Earth; so that the Gardiners find they have two or three Roots amongst an hundred that are rare and of great price, as Purple Carnations of several stripes.

Bacon's chaplain, who published the book in 1627, quotes 'an usual speech of his lordship; That this Worke of his Naturall History, is the World as God made it and not as Men have made it; for that it hath nothing of Imagination.' Shakespeare's comment on the whole matter, through the mouth of Polixenes, amazingly transcends the views of Bacon. It 'is the insight of consummate genius. We are no longer left side-tracked in the environment, but face to face with the truth that nature contains the secret of its own evolution' (Sh. Eng. i. 515).

92-5. *You see...nobler race* Note the dramatic irony of all this, in view of what follows. Perdita's quiet 'So it is' shows that she perceives the application to herself and Florizel. Cf. R. W. Chambers in *M.L.R.*, 1931, pp. 260-1.

93. *scion* F. 'Sien'

97. *itself, is* The F. comma emphasises the 'is.'

98. *your* (F2) F. 'you'

104. *Hot lavender* 'Hot' is variously explained as 'aromatic' and 'ardent,' i.e. for an ardent lover. But neither finds any support in N.E.D., and 'ardent' has little appropriateness in a flower presented 'to men of middle age.' Possibly it is a misprint; 'goat' (sp. 'gote') would work graphically, and 'goat' (e.g. goat-marjoram, goat-orchis) is a common prefix in flower-names to denote the wild variety.

116-18. *O Proserpina...Dis's waggon* Again the source seems to have been Ovid, *Metamorphoses* (v. 398 et sqq.). Golding's translation runs:

While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime,  
In gathering cyther Violets blew, or Lillies white as Lime,  
Dis spide her: loude hir: caught her vp...

The Ladie with a wailing voyce afright did often call...  
And as she from the vpper part hir garment would have  
rent,

By chance she let hir lap slip downe, and out her flowers went.

118. *Dis's* F. 'Dyffes'

119. *take* i.e. bewitch; cf. *Ham.* 1. 1. 163 'No fairy takes.'

120. *violets* (*dim* Moorman suggests 'white violets.'  
Cf. Bacon, *Of Gardens*:

That which above all others yeelds the Sweetest Smell in  
the Aire is the Violet; specially the White-double-violet,  
which comes twice a yeare; about the middle of Aprill and  
about Bartholomew-tide.

122. *breath*); *pale* F. 'breath) pale'

123. *die unmarried* Cf. Milton, *Lycidas* 'The rathe  
primrose that forsaken dies' and Quarles, *Esther* (1621)  
'And then a Prim rose (the yeare's Maidenhead).'

126. *crown imperial* A recent importation into  
England. 'It was first described from Belgian gardens  
by Lobel in 1576, and is said to have been obtained

from Constantinople. It soon found its way to England and became a popular plant.' Sh. Eng. i. 513.

128. *of—and* F. 'of) and' The other bracket is missing.

134. *Whitsun-pastorals* Cf. *Two Gent.* 4. 4. 156-66 (Julia speaks as a boy):

for, at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were played,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown...  
And at that time I made her weep agood,  
For I did play a lamentable part.  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight.

Perdita seems rather to have in mind some kind of flower-dance, perhaps with herself playing Maid Marian to Florizel's Robin, and it should be noted that mad Ophelia, who goes through much the same action with flowers as Perdita does, is given the snatch, clearly from some folk-song, 'For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.' But we know next to nothing of the Whitsuntide games, and Chambers can tell us little except that they were probably 'May-games' (v. *Med. Stage*, i. 173 n.), in which the leading personages were the King and Queen, generally identified with Robin Hood and Maid Marian, who was also called 'white-pot queen' (cf. 'the queen of curds and cream' notes l. 161 below and l. 2 above).

140. *them too*: F. 'them too.'

143-46. *Each your doing...queens* i.e. 'Your way of doing everything (so peculiarly your own in every particular) crowns what you are at present doing, so that all your acts are queens' (Furness). The fact that she is Queen of the Feast adds point to all this.

148. *the true blood...through't* Malone quotes *Hero and Leander*, sest. iii. 39-40 'Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,/With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep'; cf. l. 160 below.

*peepeth* (Globe) F. 'peepes' Capell read 'peeps so' and Rowe 'through it'

157. *green-sward* (Steevens) F. 'greene-ford'

160. *look out* (Theobald) F. 'looke on't'

161. *The queen of curds and cream* i.e. a 'white-pot queen' as the queen was called 'in western May-games'; v. Douce, ii. 457, who notes that 'white-pot in old cookery was a kind of custard, made in a crust or dish with cream, eggs, pulse of apples, sugar, spices, and sippets of white or manchet bread.'

163. *in good time* v. G. 'time.' Mopsa is naturally indignant.

165. S.D. F. 'Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shephearddeffes.' This was almost certainly a morris dance of some kind. See Douce, *Illustrations*, ii. 431-82 for an interesting 'dissertation' on the morris dance.

176. *another* i.e. the other. Cf. 3. 3. 20.

180. S.D. F. 'Enter Seruant.'

181-82. *the pedlar at the door* Pedlars were highly important persons in rural England of Shakespeare's day. 'It must have been at one of the four Stratford fairs... that Shakespeare first met Autolycus celebrating in song his ribands and smocks, points, cambrics, and lawns. There were fairs enough in Warwickshire during May to keep Autolycus on the move. He might be at Coventry on the 2nd, at Coleshill on the 6th, at Warwick on the 12th, at Stratford on the 14th, at Rugby on the 15th, and then if Whitsun were early he could find a welcome at Henley-in-Arden and Birmingham' (G. Unwin, *Sh. Eng.* i. 313).

182-83. *tabor and pipe* The piper with his little drum or tabor provided the music for the morris dance.

184. *several* different. *tell* count.

185. *ballads* If further description of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century ballads be needed beyond that given in this scene and at 5. 2. 24-5, reference may be made

to Sir Charles Firth's admirable chapter xxix in *Sh. Eng.* ii.

187. *better* i.e. at a better moment.

189. *down*, F. 'downe:' *pleasant* jolly.

192. *customers* (F2) F. 'cnstomers'

195. *fadings*, F. 'Fadings:'

197. *break a foul gap into the matter* 'make a gap in the continuity of the song by inserting licentious patter in parenthesis' (Charlton).

198. '*Whoop...good man*' 'A song with this burden is to be found in Fry's *Ancient Poetry*, "but," adds Chappell (*Popular Mus. of the Olden Time*, p. 208), "it would not be desirable for reduplication"' (Furness).

215. *You have of these pedlars* Cf. *Ham.* 3. 2. 44-5 'there be of them that will themselves laugh.'

217. *go about to* i.e. intend to.

S.D. F. 'Enter Autolicus finging.' For the 'false beard,' necessary to disguise him from the Clown, cf. 'pedlar's excrement' (ll. 708-709). The way in which the expectations of the audience are excited by the dialogue preceding this entry displays considerable confidence on Shakespeare's part in the powers of the singer.

220. *Gloves...roses* Charlton quotes *Ado.* 3. 4. 57 'These gloves...are an excellent perfume.' Cf. l. 248 below.

234. *against the feast* before the feast. There is a streak of meanness in the Clown; cf. note 4. 3. 38-40.

236. *more than* F. 'more rhen'

238. *may be* F. 'May be'

244. *whistle off* (Hanmer) F. 'whistle of'

246. *clammer* (N.E.D.) F. 'clamor' v. G.

247. *promised* F. 'ptomis'd'

255. *parcels of charge* i.e. valuable items.

257. *in print* That 'in print' also meant 'exactly' (cf. *L.L.L.* 3. 1. 170) is in itself witness to the power of the press.

258. *o' life* F. 'a life' i.e. on my life.

266. *midwife's* (Rowe) F. 'Midwiues'

*to't, one* F. 'to't: one'

272. *of a fish* Malone quotes the title of a ballad entered in 1604 on the Stationers' Register as 'The most true and strange report of A monstrous fishe that appeared in the forme of A woman from the wast vpward Seene in the Sea.' There were many such ballads.

286. *the tune of 'Two maids,'* etc. Roffe mentions a song with this title, set to music by Dr Boyce, in 1759.

301. *let me go* (F2) F. 'Le me go'

315. S.D. F. 'exit',—after l. 321.

316. *cape* (F2) F. 'Crpe'

324. *Saltiers* The Servant means 'Satyrs,' but, because they jumped, associates them with 'sault' (= leap).

328. *bowling* Referred to as a harmless mild game; cf. *L.L.L.* 5. 2. 579–81 'a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but for Alisander, alas you see how 'tis.'

335. *danced before the king* v. Introduction, p. xi.

339. S.D. F. 'Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.'

340. *O, father...hereafter* 'Seems to be in reply to some unexpressed question from the old Shepherd' (Furness). We have been told (l. 311) that Polixenes and he 'are in sad talk' while the Autolycus interlude is going forward, and we must suppose that the King continues to sift him during the dance of satyrs. 'He's simple, and tells much' shows that the royal detective's pains are not fruitless.

345. *you do*, F. 'you do;'

350. *Interpretation should abuse* i.e. should misinterpret.

353. *Of happy holding her* i.e. of keeping her happy.

357. *delivered* A quibble, v. G.

358. *who* (F2) F. 'whom' No one seems to have attempted to defend this piece of grammar.

368. *men, the* F. 'men: the'



374-75. *Commend...perdition*. An example of 'respective construction'; cf. note 3. 2. 162-64.

378. *better*: F. 'better'

379-80. *By th' pattern...of his*. Furness comments: 'A woman's simile; just as Imogen exclaims:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripped—to pieces with me! *Cym.* 3. 4. 53.'

396. *ali'ring rheums* rheumatic diseases. The meaning of 'alter' here seems to have eluded editors hitherto, v. G.

414. *contract* It does not appear to have been noticed that we have here a description, all but the final solemn words, of one of those betrothal ceremonies which were held as legally binding as marriage in church at this period and which Shakespeare himself probably went through with Anne Hathaway. Cf. *Meas.* 1. 2. 141-67.

416. *acknowledged* (F2) F. 'acknowledge'

417. *affects* Shakespearian 2nd pers. sing.; cf. *Temp.* 1. 2. 334 (note).

420. *who* (F2) F. 'whom'

421. *with*— F. 'with.'

425. *shalt see* (Rowe) F. 'fhalt neuer see' The compositor anticipates the 'never' at the end of the line.

428. *Farre* So F. Moorman was the first to restore 'the reading of the first three Folios, which is an Elizabethan sp. of Mid. Eng. "ferre," which is the comparative of "fer" = far. Cf. Chaucer, *Prolog.* 47 "And thereto hadde he riden, no man ferre."

432-34. *yea, him...Unworthythee* i.e. yea, worthy of him too who, apart from his royal blood, has proved himself unworthy of you through his unfilial deception.

434. *thee—if* F. 'thee. If'

436. *hoop* (Pope) F. 'hope'

438. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

*Even here, undone*, (Johnson) F. 'Euen heere vn-done:' Furness has earned our gratitude by drawing attention to Johnson's punctuation here. Capell read an exclamation mark for the F. colon and all edd. but Johnson followed suit, without explaining the meaning of the pointless exclamation. The F. colon perhaps marks the pause of agitation.

445. *dream of mine*— (Johnson) F. 'dreame of mine'

446. *I'll queen it* etc. At this point she no doubt removes from her head the floral garland; cf. note 1. 2 above.

455. *Where no priest...dust* i.e. he would be buried at the foot of the gallows, with 'shards, flints and pebbles' (*Ham.* 5. 1. 254) thrown upon him. The First Prayer-book of Edward VI contains the rubric, 'And then the priest, casting earth upon the corpse, shall say, "I commend thy soul," etc.' The rubric now stands 'Then, while the earth shall be cast upon the Body by some standing by, the Priest shall say.'

459. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

462-63. *not following...unwillingly* i.e. not being dragged along against my will. The metaphor is of a hound on a leash.

464. *your father's* (F2) F. 'my Fathers'

470. *Camillo?* (Johnson) F. 'Camillo.'

475-76. *Let nature...seeds within!* Cf. *Macb.* 4. 1. 59 'though the treasure/Of nature's germens tumble all together,/Even till destruction sicken,' and *Lear*, 3. 2. 8.

479-80. F. punctuates 'fancie, if my Reason...obedient: I haue reasion:' Our pointing is that of all edd.

491. *me (as, in* F. 'me, as (in'

494. *Tug...come* Fight it out between them for the future, v. G. 'tug.'

497. *to our need* (Theobald) F. 'to her neede'

519. *what is* (Hanmer) F. 'what's'

520. *self*, F. 'felfe;'

527. *her*; F. 'her,'

535. *th' unthought-on accident* i.e. the unexpected discovery by the king.

546. *thee, the son* (F3) F. 'thee there Sonne'

567-69. *Nothing so certain...loath to be* i.e. even the most detestable country would seem preferable to putting out again to sea. A pregnant hint of the miseries of sea-passage in the days before ocean-going steamers.

575. *your father's house* Camillo is addressing Florizel. *these seven years* 'an indefinite, considerable time' (Schmidt).

577. *She is* (Pope) F. 'She's'

578. *i'th' rear 'our birth* Rowe altered "'our' to 'o' her' and many edd. follow, including Camb., Oxford, Moorman and Charlton. This would give the meaning 'She is as forward in breeding as she is lowly in birth.' But surely what Florizel intends to express is his wonder that her breeding should be as much above the education of a shepherd's cottage (cf. l. 579 'She lacks instructions') as her birth is below that of a princess (cf. l. 575 'at your father's house'). The F. reading is the essential link between Camillo's two speeches, and neither Elizabethans nor Jacobean would find anything patronizing in Florizel speaking of her lowly birth at this point.

582. *the thorns...upon* Prov. v. Apperson, p. 627.

584. *medicine* i.e. physician.

586. *appear* i.e. appear as such.

591. S.D. F. 'Enter Autolicus.'

592-610. *Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is!...festival purses*. Cf. Greene, *Third Part of Conny-catching* (ed. Harrison, pp. 26-8).

598. *hallowed* i.e. sacred relics.

599-600. *in picture* Generally explained 'to look at,' but no parallel cited. Possibly it may be a cant term meaning 'for picking.'

607. *filed keys off* (F3) F. 'fill'd Keyes of'

608. *my sir's* i.e. the Clown's.

609. *the nothing of it* i.e. its nonsense (with a quibble

upon 'noting' = singing; cf. *Ado*, 2. 3. 56 'Note notes, forsooth, and nothing').

611. *hubbub* F. 'Whoo-bub'—the old spelling.

613. S.D. *Camillo...forward* (Theobald).

623-25. F. prints in short lengths, like verse.

633-34. *I know...enough* 637-38. *I smell...on't* F. prints these asides in brackets.

636. *flayed* (Rowe 'flead') F. 'fled'—an archaic sp., not a misprint.

640. *earnest* i.e. the 'boot' (l. 632).

643-44. *let my...to ye!* 'may the prophecy I have just uttered, viz. fortunate mistress, prove true' (Deighton).

649. *eyes over* i.e. watching, prying eyes, from above (Polixenes' eyes). Cf. *L.L.L.* 4. 3. 77-8 'Here sit I in the sky/And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.' The expression has puzzled many; and there have been not a few attempts at emendation. For Polixenes' eyes v. 4. 2. 35-6.

664. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

665-68. *to have an open ear...senses*. Cf. Greene, *Second Part of Conny-catching*, 1592 (ed. Harrison, p. 34):

Therefore an exquisite Foist must haue three properties that a good Surgeon should haue, and that is, an Eagles eie, a Ladies hand, and a Lions heart. An Eagles eie to spy out the purchase, to haue a quicke insight where the boung lies, and then a Lions heart, not to feare what the end will be, and then a Ladies hande to be little and nimble, the better and the more easie to diue into any mans pocket.

668-69. *the time...thrive* Cf. Ps. xxxvii. 35 'I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.'

677. S.D. F. 'Enter Clowne and Shepheard.'

678-80. *every lane's end...work*. Cf. Greene, *Second Part of Conny-catching* (ed. Harrison, p. 30).

685. *Nay*, F. 'Nay;'

699. *I know not* (Hanmer) F. 'I know' Such little omissions are of frequent occurrence in the printed texts of this period, and Hanmer's 'not' so greatly eases the context, that I adopt it without hesitation following Capell, Dyce, etc. The Clown's head is much bothered by these arithmetical problems; cf. 4. 3. 32-6.

702. *fardel* (Steevens) F. 'Farthell'—and so throughout; cf. *Ham.* 3. 1. 36.

709. *S.D. takes off...beard* (Steevens) Johnson had written 'What he means by his Pedlar's excrement I know not.'

718-21. *it becomes...give us the lie* The point of this has, I think, been missed, because the quibble on 'lie' has been overlooked. 'To give the lie' has the obvious meaning of 'to accuse one of falsehood to his face,' the soldier's retort to which is 'stabbing steel'; but tradesmen 'give the lie' in another sense, i.e. they palm off short measure, or inferior goods, or even false coin (v. N.E.D. 'lie' sb. 1 c) upon simple customers like soldiers, who pay for it in honest money, so that the tradesmen do not 'give the lie,' they *sell* it.

722-23. *Your worship...manner* That is, I take it, 'Your worship was about to give us a false coin (as a tip), had you not taken yourself in the act,' i.e. had not your meanness restrained you; v. G. 'manner' and *L.L.L.* 1. 1. 202.

724. *Are you a courtier*, etc. Florizel's 'swain's wearing' (l. 9) is evidently a pretty costume; cf. note 4. 4. 1.

725. *like* (F2) F. 'lke'

727. *measure* v. G.

728. *court-odour* Cf. *A.Y.L.* 3. 2. 60-5 'The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet' etc.

730. *to toaze* F. 'at toaze' All edd. follow F2 'or toaze,' but 'to toaze' gives much better sense. N.E.D. 'toaze' 2b quotes 'insinuateth to converse' (1628). v. G. 'insinuate,' 'toaze.'

737. *pheasant* Kenrick suggests that this is a misprint for 'present'; Furness pronounces it 'emendatio certissima'; and Moorman adopts it in his text. But, if so, how could the Clown bid his father 'say, you have none'? The Clown's line of thought is clear enough. He is confusing the two kinds of 'court' and has in mind the common practice in Shakespeare's day of bribing the judge or magistrate with a bird of some kind, so that corrupt judges were known as 'capon justices' (v. *A.Y.L.* G. 'capon'). If you wished to win your case in those days your best 'advocate' was a pheasant.

740-42. *How blessed...disdain* F. prints this as verse, and the Clown's exclamation 'This cannot but be a great courtier!' indicates that verse was intended. Note also the rhyme ('men') with 'hen' in l. 739.

743. *but be* (Hanmer) F. 'be but'—such little transpositions are very common.

768. *germane* F. 'Iermaine'

771. *sheep-whistling* (F2) F. 'Sheepe-whistling'

778-85. *He has...blown to death.* 'This description is a somewhat heightened version of the death inflicted on Ambrogivolo, the Iachimo of the immediate source of *Cymbeline*, Boccaccio's *Decameron*, ii. 9' (Herford). It may be so, but the matter touched Shakespeare's audience nearer than this, since such tortures were commonly inflicted by the Spaniards upon Indians and Africans at this period. 'Drake found a negro who had been sentenced to be whipped raw, set in the sun, and tortured to death by mosquitoes' (Sh. Eng. i. 185, which gives other cases).

781. *aqua-vitæ* F. 'Aquavite'

782-3. *prognostication* v. G.

789. *being...considered* i.e. after a handsome bribe.  
v. G. 'consider.'

820. S.D. F. gives no exit.

825. *turn back* We should now say 'turn out.'

832. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

## 5. 1.

S.D. F. 'Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florizel, Perdita.' Note the colon, v. p. 123.

5. *done, ...evil*; F. 'done; ...euill,'

12. *True, too true* (Theobald) F. prints the first of these 'true's' at the end of Leontes' speech.

30. *the former queen is well* Malone cites *A. & C.*

2. 5. 33 'We use to say the dead are well.'

47. *heir*: F. 'Heire.'

59. *Where...appear* (Delius) F. '(Where we Offendors now appeare)' Among other emendations may be noted 'Where we're offenders now, appear' (Anon., Globe), and 'Where we offend her now, appear' (Theobald), but I agree with Moorman that Delius's reading is the best, more especially as 'move' might very easily be misread as 'nowe' in Shakespeare's hand.

60. '*Why to me?*' 'this insult' understood.

75. *I have done* (Capell) F. prints this as part of Cleomenes' speech.

84. S.D. F. 'Enter a Seruant.' Theobald changed 'Servant' to 'Gentleman' because of Paulina's speech (ll. 98-103), and we follow to avoid bewildering the modern reader; yet F. 'Seruant' is perfectly correct, since at this period the servants of royalty and even of the nobility were 'gentlemen.'

90. *out of circumstance* i.e. without ceremony.

97. *better gone, so* F. 'better, gone; so'

114. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

123. S.D. F. 'Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.'

126. *you: were* F. 'you. Were'

131. *princess—goddess! O!...Alas* F. 'Princeffe (Goddeffe) oh: alas' The colon after 'oh' implies, I take it, that the exclamation goes with 'goddess!' to ex-

press Leontes' amazement as Perdita first unveils herself before him. Cf. ll. 227-28 below.

137. *my life* Moorman, followed by Charlton, explains this as an adv. phrase meaning 'while I live'; but surely Leontes 'desires his life' i.e. to go on living, 'though bearing misery,' in order 'once more to look on him.' Cf. 1. 1. 38 'desire yet their life to see him a man.' The 'whom' in l. 136 is a little awkward, for which, however, there is a good parallel at 2. 1. 165-67 (note).

142. *Which...times* i.e. which attends old age.  
*seized* arrested.

149. *offices* kindnesses.

155. *pains*, F. 'paines;'

159. F. divides into two lines, thus 'Sir,/From thence'  
Hanmer first printed in one line.

170. *climate* v. G.

178. S.D. F. 'Enter a Lord.'

207. *The odds...alike* The general meaning is clear and agreed to by all, viz. Fortune makes no distinction between the high-born and the low-born. Douce, however, also detected a quibble in 'high and low' upon 'the false dice so called,' an interpretation to which Malone and Steevens subscribed but which has been rejected by mod. edd., since Furness questioned it on the ground that the false dice were called 'high-men and low-men' not 'high and low.' The objection strangely overlooks the only other reference to such dice in Shakespeare, which is to all intents a paraphrase of the passage before us: 'And high and low beguiles the rich and poor' (*M.W.W.* 1. 3. 85). Thus the full meaning of Florizel's words is 'Fortune is a cheater who beguiles princes and shepherds alike with his false dice.'

214. *worth* i.e. rank.

217. *chase* v. G.

219. *since* when.

230. *Your honour...desires* Cf. note 4. 4. 33-5.

233. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'



## 5. 2.

S.D. F. 'Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.'

5. *after...amazedness* i.e. when the king had recovered from his shock.

11. *notes of admiration* i.e. exclamation marks.

12. *eyes*; F. 'eyes.'

17. *importance* import.

19. S.D. F. 'Enter another Gentleman.'

20. *haply* (Collier) F. 'happily' The forms were used indiscriminately.

24-5. *that ballad-makers...express it* The ballad-maker was the popular journalist of the age, always on the look-out for a fresh 'sensation.' Cf. above 4. 4. 181 et seq.

25. S.D. F. 'Enter another Gentleman.'

52. *her; now* F. 'her. Now'

53-4. *a weather-bitten conduit* A 'conduit' because he also was weeping; cf. *R. & J.* 3. 5. 130-31 'How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?/Evermore showering?' v. G. 'conduit,' 'weather-bitten.'

55. *encounter*, F. 'Encounter;'

56. *do it* i.e. discharge it, deliver it. The expression 'do a message' is frequent in Shakespeare.

75-6. *that she...losing* i.e. that she might no more be in danger of being lost.

84-5. *attentiveness* i.e. the hearing of it.

95. *Julio Romano* or Giulio Romano, the famous Italian painter, disciple of Raphael, who died 1546. According to an epitaph quoted by Vasari (*Videbat Jupiter corpora sculpta pictaque Spirare, aedes mortaliū aequarier coelo Julii virtute Romani*), he appears also to have practised sculpture and architecture, and is known to have rebuilt the cathedral at Mantua (v. article by J. E. G. de Montmorency, *Contemporary Rev.*, May 1913). Elze believed that Shakespeare must have known the epitaph, part of which has just been quoted, so similar is it in tenour to the words of

'3 Gentleman' on the subject; cf. 'videbat Jupiter corpora sculpta...spirare' with 'and could put breath into his work.'

96-7. *beguile...custom* i.e. rob nature of her trade.

110. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

120. S.D. F. 'Enter Shepheard and Clowne.'

142-43. *preposterous* A blunder for 'prosperous.'

159. *a tall fellow...hands* i.e. a brave fellow and a man of action.

168. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

### 5. 3.

S.D. F. 'Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.' Our heading is taken from Capell.

4. *home*: F. 'home.'

5. *these contracted* (Staunton) F. 'these your contracted' The 'your' seems palpably a compositor's addition, influenced by 'your crowned' and 'your kingdoms' just before and after; it overweights the line metrically, and is very awkward with 'your kingdoms' following.

6. *visit*, F. 'visit;'

9. *We honour you with trouble* Furness quotes *Macb.*

1. 6. 12-14 'Herein I teach you/How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,/And thank us for your trouble.'

10. *queen*: F. 'Queene.'

18. *Lonely* (Hanmer) F. 'Louely.'

20. S.D. It should be noted that Shakespeare intended this 'statue' to be taken as such by his audience at first. That it cannot be by us is one of the many disabilities we suffer from knowing Shakespeare too well.

40. *remembrance*, F. 'remembrance;'

52. *Did...no sorrow* The compositor has omitted a word from this line. Capell proposed 'sir' and Keightley 'ever' after 'sorrow,' while an anon. critic suggested 'nor ever sorrow.'

62. *Would I were...already* i.e. May I perish if it is not actually moving now! This is Staunton's interpretation; other commentators have failed to see that 'Would I were dead' is nothing more than an imprecation.

67. *The fixure...in't* The very fixing of the eye by the sculptor suggests motion.

68. *As* i.e. for so. Cf. Abbott, § 110.

96. *Or those* (Hanmer) F. 'On: thofe'—an *n: r* misreading. 'On!' is so absurd after 'then all stand still' that Hanmer's reading seems certain. The F. colon need not disturb us, since once the compositor had set up 'On', he or his corrector would be almost bound to insert a colon to make some kind of sense.

102. *numbness, for* F. 'numneffe: (for'

121. S.D. Rowe reads 'Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Her.'

126. *the oracle* (F2) F. 'rhe Oracle'

128. *time* (F2) F. 'ttme'

129. *upon this push* at this juncture.

137. *wife:* F. 'Wife.'

143-44. *husband—come...hand*—F. 'hufband. Come ...hand:' The 'worth' and 'honesty' are clearly intended, as Mason noted, to refer to Camillo. Two kings vouch for him to Paulina.

147. *What?* Uttered as he suddenly catches sight of Polixenes, and forgets he has been leaving him out of it.

149. *This* F. 'This' i.e. this is.

150. *whom heavens directing* A good example of confusion between two constructions, perfectly natural in conversation; cf. Abbott, § 410.

155. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

## THE STAGE-HISTORY OF *THE WINTER'S TALE*

*The Winter's Tale* was much liked in the reigns of the first two Stuart kings. The earliest known mention of it is in the manuscript *Booke of Plaies* of Simon Forman, who saw it at the Globe playhouse on Wednesday, May 15, 1611. On November 5 of that year it was acted at Whitehall before the King. In the spring of 1613 it was one of fourteen plays acted at Whitehall during the festivities celebrating the wedding of the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine. In 1618 it was acted again before the King on Easter Tuesday. A slip of what may be waste paper from the Office of the Revels, now in the British Museum, suggests a performance at Court in or about 1619. On August 19, 1623, Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, licensed it for performance ('an olde playe . . . formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke'); and on January 18, 1624, it was acted at Whitehall before the Duchess of Richmond in the King's absence. Almost exactly ten years later, on January 16, 1634, it was played again at Court, 'and likt.' In every case the actors were Shakespeare's company, the King's players, formerly the Lord Chamberlain's.

The stage-histories in the previous volumes of this edition have shown that Shakespeare's comedies for the most part fell out of favour in the Restoration period. *The Winter's Tale* was even less regarded than most. It was one of the eleven comedies of Shakespeare allotted, with many other plays, to Killigrew for His Majesty's Servants at the Theatre Royal in January, 1669; but he never staged it. Probably the interval of sixteen years between acts three and four, the sea-coast of Bohemia and other such offences against propriety and unity were too much for that polite age; and even if the play had offered opportunities for spectacle, 'scenes and machines,'

the Theatre Royal cared little for such things. There is no more word of *The Winter's Tale* until nearly the middle of the eighteenth century, in the days when opinion was turning from pantomime back to romantic comedy, and the ladies of quality, of the Shakespeare Club and others, not only were 'reconcil'd to Sense,' but were urging, and paying, Rich to produce Shakespeare. Even so, it was not at Covent Garden, nor at Drury Lane (where *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, and *The Merchant of Venice* were about this time restored), that *The Winter's Tale* came back to the stage. It was the unfashionable, unsuccessful, unlicensed house called Goodman's Fields, in Ayliffe Street, near Aldgate, which on January 15, 1741 (nine months before it suddenly became famous and prosperous through the appearance of David Garrick), staged the play, with Henry Giffard, the manager, as Leontes, Mrs Giffard as Hermione, W. Giffard as Florizel, Marshall as Polixenes, Yates as Autolycus, Dunstall as the Clown, Miss Hippisley as Perdita and Mrs Steel as Paulina. It was not what is now called a 'star' cast; but the names of the first players to act this play for more than one hundred years are worth recording. They must have played it, too, to their audiences' satisfaction, for it was given seven times within twelve days; and Covent Garden snapped it up for its next winter season, in which Mrs Pritchard (later a great Hermione) acted Paulina, Hippisley the Clown and Mrs Horton Hermione.

The next step in the play's stage-history is easily anticipated. It was cut about and altered. The first adapter in the field is believed to have been McNamara Morgan, author of a tragedy called *Philoclea*, which was acted at Covent Garden. The version of *The Winter's Tale* ascribed to him was called *The Sheep-Shearing: or, Florizel and Perdita. A Pastoral Comedy*. (It was printed in 1767 in Dublin, where it was acted with songs set by Arne.) The title sufficiently describes its scope.

The scene is Bithynia, which had a coast, not Bohemia which the eighteenth century knew to have none. The old shepherd (named Alcon) is really Antigonus in disguise, and conveniently at hand, therefore, to reveal the truth about Perdita's birth. The little pastoral was first given at Covent Garden on March 25, 1754 (as an after-piece to Henry Jones's tragedy, *The Earl of Essex*), for the benefit of Barry, who acted Florizel to the Perdita of Miss Nossiter, with Shuter as Autolicus (a gross rogue compared with Shakespeare's) and Sparks as Antigonus-Alcon. Next came Garrick's version, which was introduced by the prologue containing the well-known lines:

The five long Acts, from which our Three are taken,  
Stretch'd out to sixteen Years, lay by, forsaken.  
Lest then this precious Liquor run to waste,  
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your Taste.  
'Tis my chief Wish, my Joy, my only Plan,  
To lose no *Drop* of that immortal Man!

The statement has been railed at and laughed at; but Garrick's meaning is clear and sensible. Unless he had 'confin'd and bottled' the precious Liquor, it would all have been lost. By distilling three acts of the original, he saved the whole. That is not to say that the adaptation commends itself to modern taste. It was not a bad idea to wreck Leontes and Cleomenes on the coast of Bohemia (or Bithynia, as Garrick first made it, owing that and no little else to Morgan), in time to attend the sheep-shearing, where Leontes could speak a good many of Polixenes's and Camillo's lines, and to have brought Paulina (and with her, of course, in secret Hermione) safely to the same country. It was less happy to write up Autolycus into vulgarity; to add to the clowning; to make many annoying little alterations in the words (omitting, with much else, Perdita's cry to Proserpina); to ruin by timorous elaboration Leontes's 'O, she's warm!' and the last speeches of Hermione and the last silence of

Perdita and Florizel. Better all this, however, than no *Winter's Tale* at all; and the play, entitled *Florizel and Perdita. A Dramatic Pastoral, In Three Acts* (published by Tonson, 1758), was much admired when acted, together with Garrick's *Catharine and Petruchio*, at Drury Lane on January 21, 1756. Garrick appeared as Leontes, Mrs Pritchard for the first time as Hermione, one of her greatest performances, Susannah Cibber as Perdita, Mrs Bennett as Paulina, Holland as Florizel, Havard as Polixenes, Woodward as the Clown and Yates as Autolycus (so spelled). It fell to Mrs Cibber as Perdita to sing a song, 'Come, come, my good Shepherds,' of which two lines have their little separate fame:

Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,  
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

The last line, misquoted by Mrs Thrale (Boswell, October 6, 1769), drew a 'sally' from Johnson, which Boswell repeated to Garrick, 'and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it.' Garrick's irritation may have been due to his having to choose between submitting to the 'sally' and owning up that the lines were not his but Morgan's. They have been attributed to Morgan, but, as Joseph Knight says, 'they have the stamp of Garrick's mint.'

During the remainder of the century, the play, abbreviated, was frequently in the bills of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and was acted also at the Haymarket and at Bath. It is not always possible to tell which of the two versions was acted, since the titles, *Florizel and Perdita*, and *The Sheep-Shearing*, seem interchangeable. But it is fairly safe to conclude that Garrick's version, being Garrick's, and longer and more faithful to the original than Morgan's, and provided with 'proper Music, Songs, Dances, and Decorations,' came to prevail. It seems certain that Covent Garden in time went over to Garrick's version, besides, in March, 1761,

making a little opera out of one version or the other. The point of historical interest is that before the turn of the century no one produced Shakespeare's play as he wrote it, although in 1771 Covent Garden produced a new adaptation (said to be made by Hull), which was closer to the original than the other two. But that was only played in one season; and three years later Covent Garden turned (or turned back) to Garrick's. The actors evidently liked the characters, and were liked in them by the public. Garrick and Mrs Pritchard were famous as Leontes and Hermione (she played it as late as 1785); and, as the century wore on, the players of Leontes included Hull, Powell, Smith, Henderson and Harley. Mrs Hopkins, Mrs Mattocks, beautiful Mrs Hartley and Mrs Yates were seen as Hermione, and Miss Farren first took the part at Drury Lane in December, 1779. Yates, Shuter, King, Quick, Dodd, Blanchard and Munden all played Autolycus; and among the best of the Clowns were King, Moody, Quick, Yates and Suett. Of many Florizels Barry, Cautherley, Mattocks (it was a singing part), Wroughton, Bannister junior and Barrymore were favourites. After Mrs Bennett, Mrs Hopkins was the best of the Paulinas; and among innumerable young ladies who followed the great Cibber as Perdita were Miss Macklin, Miss Pritchard, George Anne Bellamy, Mrs Dancer, Miss Younge, 'Perdita' Robinson (she appeared first in the part at Drury Lane on November 20, 1779, and again on December 3, 'by command'—after which she left the stage, by command), Mrs Crouch and Mrs Mountain. And Bensley—the Bensley whose Iago and Malvolio are immortalized by Charles Lamb—deserves mention as an habitual Polixenes. One may suspect the *Florizel and Perdita, or, the Sheep-Shearing* played at the John-street Theatre in New York in 1795 and 1796, with Fawcett as Florizel, Hodgkinson as Autolicus and Mrs Marriott as Perdita, to have been Garrick's version.



The change in the fortunes of Shakespeare's play came under John Philip Kemble at Drury Lane in 1802. His version was not pure Shakespeare. He left out the speech of Time as Chorus. He, too, was afraid of 'O, she's warm!' (did these great actors distrust their audiences or themselves?); and his ending of the play is Garrick's. But except for some shortening and some inoffensive transposition, the version is fairly faithful. It was produced, with all J. P. Kemble's stately care, at Drury Lane on March 25, 1802, and repeated; and the cast must have been first-rate. Hazlitt hugged his memories of Kemble as Leontes ('the growing jealousy of the King, and the exclusive possession which this passion gradually obtains over his mind, were marked by him in the finest manner') and of Mrs Siddons as Hermione. It was the last new part that she took up; and she excelled Mrs Yates in beauty as a statue and still more as an actress when the statue came to life. Jack Bannister was now Autolycus—'we shall never see these parts so acted again,' sighed Hazlitt of those three. Charles Kemble made a very pretty Florizel; Suett was the Clown, Mrs Powell was Paulina (she once played Hermione when the play was revived in the autumn), and Miss Hicks was Perdita. In 1807 Kemble took the play to Covent Garden; and there, with some changes in the cast (Munden and Fawcett as Autolycus, Liston as the Clown, Miss Norton and Mrs H. Johnston as Perdita, and Mrs Charles Kemble as Paulina) it was in the repertory until June, 1812, when Mrs Siddons appeared for the last time as Hermione.

After that the next serious contribution to the stage-history of *The Winter's Tale* was made at Drury Lane in November, 1823, when Macready first appeared as Leontes, with Mrs Bunn as Hermione, Mrs Glover as Paulina, and Wallack and Mrs West as the lovers. Macready had first acted Leontes at Bath in 1815 ('in which character I produced in later years a very strong

impression'). With Helen Faucit for his Hermione, he opened his management of Covent Garden in 1837 with this play, kept it in his repertory for 1838-39, and played it again at Drury Lane in 1842-43. Next came Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells, where this play filled the bill 45 times in the season of 1845-46; and soon after that Mrs Warner, the tried leading lady of Phelps and of Macready, made a success of it at the Marylebone Theatre Royal. In April, 1856, Charles Kean staged the play at the Princess's Theatre, with his usual 'correctness'—Bithynia, not Bohemia, costumes copied from Greek vases, and a general attempt to place before 'the eyes of the spectators *tableaux vivants* of the private and public life of the ancient Greeks'—with Mrs Charles Kean looking quite Greek enough as Hermione, a lady, Miss Heath, as Florizel, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq as Perdita. In the eighteen-sixties and -seventies, Mr and Mrs Charles Calvert had it in their repertory at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, with Charles Calvert as Leontes. Then came Chatterton's revival of the play (and of 'something like the wreck of Charles Dillon' to play Leontes in it) at Drury Lane in September, 1878, with Miss Wallis for Hermione and Mrs Hermann Vezin very good as Paulina. Three years later, in June, 1881, the company of the Royal Theatre of Saxe-Meiningen acted it more than once at the Lyceum Theatre. It is agreed that the merit of that company lay rather in its finished team-work and its management of its crowds than in the acting of particular parts; yet it is pleasant to record here that Leontes was played by Herr Nesper, Hermione by Frl. Haverland, Perdita by Frl. Schweighofer, and Autolycus by Herr Teller. And then comes one of the greatest moments in the stage-history of this often-acted play: its production by Miss Mary Anderson at the Lyceum Theatre in September, 1887. During the nineteenth century the comedy had been kept alive in Miss Anderson's native land. The Holmans had

played it in New York in 1813; the Bartleys, in 1820; Hackett at the Park in 1830; Buxton (taking Autolycus) in 1848-56, and Edwin Booth in 1871; but Miss Anderson had never appeared in it before this production in London. Her treatment of the text would not be approved nowadays. She cut out a good deal; transposed a good deal, and ended the play with lines from another play. But in the opinion of those days the beauty of the production and the beauty of the acting more than atoned for such liberties. One can well believe it. Johnston Forbes-Robertson was Leontes; Mrs Billington, during the run, became the Paulina; Fuller Mellish was Florizel, and Charles Collette Autolycus. And Miss Mary Anderson was both Hermione and Perdita. Old playgoers still are thrilled at the memory of her statuesque and matronly beauty as the mother, and at the girlish loveliness of the daughter who came dancing down the green slope with her rustic friends; and this double beauty was a beauty not only of looks but of acting. The revival by Herbert Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's Theatre in 1906 was marked by his usual elaboration of setting, which occasioned the compression of the comedy into three acts; but its chief attractions lay in the performance of Hermione by Ellen Terry (half a century before, she had played Mamillius for Charles Kean) and the brilliant acting of Mrs Tree as Paulina. Tree himself did not appear.

Besides these, there have been many performances of the play in modern times. In 1895 a company presented it at Stratford-upon-Avon and elsewhere with a cast including H. B. Irving as Leontes, Miss Beatrice Lamb as Hermione, Frank Rodney as Florizel, Miss Dorothea Baird now as Emilia and now as Hermione, and Miss Winifred Fraser as Perdita. The Benson Company has often played it at Stratford-upon-Avon festivals and on tour. The Oxford University Dramatic Society chose it for their play in 1911; it has been in the repertory of the New Queen's Theatre, Manchester, the Old Vic,

and the Maddermarket Theatre at Norwich. But the outstanding performance of recent years, and the first regular production to restore Shakespeare's text complete, was the revival under Granville-Barker at the Savoy Theatre in September, 1912. This was the first of his three Shakespeare productions at that theatre; and it was even more fiercely disliked (especially Norman Wilkinson's very formal treatment of the rustic setting) by some and more passionately admired by others than the succeeding *Twelfth Night* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. All agreed, however, in praising the Leontes of Henry Ainley, the Autolycus of Arthur Whitby, the Old Shepherd of H. O. Nicholson, and the Clown of Leon Quartermaine.

HAROLD CHILD.



# GLOSSARY

*Note.* Where a pun or quibble is intended, the meanings are distinguished as (a) and (b)

- ABIDE, sojourn (for a while only); 4. 3. 90
- ABILITY, strength; 2. 3. 164; 5. 1. 143
- ACCOMPT (beyond), 'unprecedented' (Furness); 2. 3. 198
- ADMIRATION (notes of), notes of exclamation; 5. 2. 11
- AFFECTION, (i) lust; 1. 2. 138; (ii) natural disposition; 5. 2. 36
- AFFRONT, confront (cf. *Ham.* 3. 1. 31 'That he... may here affront Ophelia'); 5. 1. 75
- ALLOWING, approving, applauding (cf. Sidney, *Arcadia*, 'with many allowing tokens was Euarchus speech heard'); 1. 2. 185
- ALTERING, i.e. changing the physical processes either (by disease) for the bad or (by medicine) for the good (cf. *N.E.D.* 'altering' 2, 'alterative,' and 'alteration' = distemper, quoting Burton, *Anat.* 'Strange meats... cause notable alterations and distempers'); 4. 4. 396
- ANCIENTRY, old people (*N.E.D.* quotes *Plain Percevall*, 1589, 'the Auncientry of the Parish'); 3. 3. 62
- ANGLE, hook; 4. 2. 45
- ANSWER, lit. reply to a charge, hence—charge; 3. 2. 198
- APE-BEARER, 'one who carries a monkey about for exhibition, a strolling buffoon' (*N.E.D.*); 4. 3. 92
- APPOINT, ordain, devote (a person or thing to some fate), v. *N.E.D.* 'appoint' 11, quoting 1 *Thes.* v. 9 'God hath not appointed us to wrath'; 1. 2. 326
- APPROBATION, proof; 2. 1. 177
- APPROVE, prove; 4. 2. 27
- ARGUMENT, theme; 4. 1. 29
- ASPECT. Astrol. the position or appearance of the stars, etc., as viewed from the earth; 2. 1. 107
- ATTACH, arrest; 5. 1. 182
- ATTORNEY (vb.), perform at second-hand; 1. 1. 26
- AVAIL, be profitable, be of use; 3. 2. 86
- AVOID, quit; 1. 2. 462.
- BAILIFF, 'an officer of justice under a sheriff, who executes writs and processes, distrains and arrests; a warrant officer, pursuivant or catchpoll' (*N.E.D.*); cf. *Errors*, G. 'sergeant of the band'; 4. 3. 93
- BASILISK, or cockatrice, a fabulous reptile, half cock and half serpent, supposed to be able to kill by its breath or look; 1. 2. 388
- BASTARD, i.e. not a pure natural breed but the product of an artificial crossing of different stocks; 4. 4. 83
- BAWCOCK, fine fellow (Fr. 'beau coq'). A colloquial term of endearment; 1. 2. 121.
- BEAR-BAITING. One of the most popular of English sports in Sh.'s day. The bear was tied by a long chain to a stake in the middle of a ring and was then set upon by a number of mastiffs (cf. *Sh. Eng.* ii. 428 ff.); 4. 3. 99
- BEARING-CLOTH, christening-robe; 3. 3. 110
- BED-SWERVER, one unfaithful in marriage; 2. 1. 93

- BENCH** (vb.), raise to official dignity (cf. *Cor.* 2. 1. 92 'a necessary bench in the Capitol'); 1. 2. 314
- BIDE UPON**, dwell upon, insist upon (a point), lit. take one's stand upon; 1. 2. 242
- BLANK**, the white spot in the centre of the target; 2. 3. 5
- BLENCH**, swerve from the straight path (of fact or of morality), lit. shy like a horse; 1. 2. 333
- BLOCK**, (a) blockhead (cf. *Jul. Caes.* 1. 1. 40 'you blocks, you stones'), (b) wooden mould for a hat, or the hat itself; 1. 2. 225
- BOILED-BRAINS**, i.e. hot-headed youths; 3. 3. 63
- BOLTED**, sifted. A 'bolt' or 'bolter' = a sieve, a strainer; 4. 4. 361
- BOOR**, husbandman, peasant; 5. 2. 155
- BOOT**, (i) 'Grace to boot!' = Heaven help me! (cf. 'Saint George to boot' *Ric.* III, 5. 3. 301); 1. 2. 80; (ii) recompense, award; 4. 4. 632
- BOURN**, boundary; 1. 2. 134
- BREAK-NECK**, downfall, destruction; 1. 2. 363
- BREAK UP**, i.e. open (of a letter; cf. *L.L.L.* 4. 1. 56); 3. 2. 131
- BRING**, i.e. bring forth; 2. 1. 148
- BUDGET**, leather wallet or pouch; 4. 3. 20
- BUG**, bogey, bugbear; 3. 2. 92
- BUGLE**, black bead of glass, cylindrical in shape so as to be threaded on to a dress or in the form of bracelets; 4. 4. 222
- BURTHEN**, refrain in a song; 4. 4. 194
- CABIN**, berth (*N.E.D.* quotes Capt. Smith, 1626, 'a hanging cabben, a Hamacke'); 3. 3. 24
- CADDISS**, lit. worsted yarn, here used as short for 'caddis ribbon' = a worsted tape, from which garters, etc. were made. *N.E.D.* quotes *Euphuus* (Bond, ii. 9) 'the country dame girdeth hir selfe . . . straight in the wast with a course caddis.' Caddis garters were also called 'crewel garters' (cf. *Lear* 2. 4. 7); 4. 4. 207
- CALLET**, a scold; 2. 3. 91
- CAPABLE**, i.e. of learning or understanding (cf. *All's Well*, G. and *L.L.L.* 4. 2. 82); 4. 4. 759
- CAPARISON**, lit. the elaborately ornamented trappings of a horse, hence—outfit; 4. 3. 27
- CARBONADOED**, cut up or slashed for broiling; 4. 4. 262
- CAREER**, the gallop or charge in a tournament or the manage; 1. 2. 286
- CARRIAGE**, execution, conduct; 3. 1. 17
- CASE**, (a) skin, (b) condition; 4. 4. 805
- CENSURE**, opinion, judgment; 2. 1. 37
- CENTRE**, lit. the centre of the earth (which in the Ptolemaic astronomy was the centre of the universe), and so fig. man's soul (cf. *Son.* 146 'Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,' and *Ham.* 2. 2. 159); 1. 2. 138; 2. 1. 102
- CHARGE**, lit. load, weight, hence—importance, value; 4. 4. 255
- CHASE** (sb.), hunted animal, quarry (cf. *N.E.D.* 4 and Turberville, *Booke of Hunting*, p. 7 'And kill at force, hart, hind, buck, doe . . . and every chace'); 3. 3. 57
- CHASE** (vb.), harass (with a quibble upon the military sense); 5. 1. 217

- CHEAT**, (i) something stolen, theft, cf. Greene, *Third Part of Conny-catching*, 47 (ed. G. B. Harrison) 'A cunning villaine... had long time haunted this Cittizens house, and gotten many a cheat which he carried away safely'; 4. 3. 28; (ii) a thievish trick; 4. 3. 118
- CHILDNESS**, childishness (*N.E.D.*) gives no other example before 1856; 1. 2. 170
- COUGH**, jackdaw; 4. 4. 612
- CIRCUMSTANCE** (out of), without ceremony; 5. 1. 90
- CLAMMER**, or Clamber. A technical term of bell-ringing; lit = to increase the strokes of the clapper preparatory to stopping altogether, hence—to stop from noise, to silence. Warburton perceived this meaning, was laughed at for his pains, but has been justified by *N.E.D.* (v. 'clamour'); 4. 4. 246
- CLAP**, strike hands in token of a bargain (cf. *Hen. V.*, 5. 2. 134 'and so clap hands, and a bargain'); 1. 2. 104
- CLEAR** (vb.), purify, acquit, free from guilt (cf. *Lucr.* 354 'The blackest sin is cleared with absolution'); 1. 2. 74; 3. 2. 4.
- CLEAR** (adj.), serene, innocent; 1. 2. 343
- CLIMATE** (vb.), reside (from sb. 'climate,' = region, country, without reference to climatic conditions); 5. 1. 170
- CLIPPING**, embracing; 5. 2. 52
- CLOG**, encumbrance (cf. *All's Well*, 2. 5. 55); 4. 4. 674
- CLOSE**, secret; 3. 3. 118
- CLOUD**, sully, defame; 1. 2. 280
- COLLOP**, lit. = a cut off a joint of meat, hence—a chip of the old block; 1. 2. 137
- COLOUR**, pretext; 4. 4. 552
- COLOURING**, (a) dyeing, (b) giving a specious appearance; 2. 2. 20
- COME HOME**. Naut. 'home' = towards the ship, hence—'come home' = (of an anchor) away from its hold, so as to drag, v. *N.E.D.* 'home' adv.; 1. 2. 214
- COMFORTING**. In legal sense = abetting, countenancing (Charlton); 2. 3. 56
- COMMEND**, entrust, commit; 2. 3. 182
- COMMISSION**, direction from authority to act in a certain way; 1. 2. 40
- COMMODITY**, advantage, profit; lit. article for sale; 3. 2. 93
- COMPASS**, get possession of; 4. 3. 93
- CONCEIT**, (i) faculty of understanding; 1. 2. 224; (ii) notion, thought; 3. 2. 143
- CONCEIVE**, understand; 2. 3. 13
- CONCERN**, engage the attention of, affect with consideration, care or solicitude, cause trouble; 3. 2. 86
- CONDITION**, nature, quality; 4. 4. 713
- CONDUIT**, fountain (in the form of a statue); 5. 2. 53-4
- CONSIDER**, remunerate, 'tip'; 4. 2. 17; 4. 4. 789
- COPE WITH**, have to do with; 4. 4. 421
- CORDIAL**, restorative, reviving; 5. 3. 77
- COUNTERS**, token coins used for arithmetical calculations; 4. 3. 36
- COZENER**, cheat, impostor; 4. 4. 251
- CRACK**, flaw, defect; 1. 2. 322
- CRONE**, withered old woman; 2. 3. 77



- CROWN IMPERIAL**, the cultivated fritillary (*Fritillaria Imperialis*); 4. 4. 126
- CURIOUS**, requiring care and attention; 4. 4. 511
- CURST**, savage; 3. 3. 124
- CUSTOM**, trade; 5. 2. 97
- CYPRESS**, crape, black lawn; 4. 4. 219
- DEAD**, mortal, deadly (cf. *M.N.D.* 3. 2. 57); 4. 4. 431
- DELIVERED**, (a) delivered (as goods), (b) declared; 4. 4. 357
- DEUCALION**, the Noah of classical mythology; 4. 4. 428
- DIBBLE**, instrument for making holes in the ground for planting seeds, etc.; 4. 4. 100
- DILDO**, lit. the phallus. The word is often found in ballad refrains; 4. 4. 194
- DIS**, Pluto; 4. 4. 118
- DISCISE**, undress (cf. *Temp.* 5. 1. 85 'I will discise me'); 4. 4. 629
- DISCHARGED**, got rid of, over and done with; 2. 3. 11
- DISCONTENTING**, displeased; 4. 4. 529
- DISCOVER**, divulge, reveal; 2. 1. 50
- DISCOVERY**, disclosure; 1. 2. 441
- DISLIKEN**, disguise; 4. 4. 647
- DISPUTE**, discuss, reason about; 4. 4. 397
- DOXY**, cant term for a beggar's mistress; 4. 3. 2
- DRAW**, harlot; 4. 3. 27
- EARNEST**, money paid as an instalment; 4. 4. 640
- ENCOUNTER**, external behaviour (cf. *Ham.* 5. 2. 199 'outward habit of encounter'); 3. 2. 49
- EXCREMENT**, anything that grows from the body, e.g. hair, nails, etc.; 4. 4. 708-9
- EXERCISE**, (a) religious observance, (b) recreation; 3. 2. 240
- EXERCISES**, athletics, field sports, military exercises (cf. *A.T.L.* 1. 1. 67); 4. 2. 32
- EXTEMPORE**, without taking thought or trouble; 4. 4. 672
- EXTREME**, hyperbole; 4. 4. 6
- EYE-GLASS**, the crystalline lens of the eye; 1. 2. 268
- FACT**, crime; 3. 2. 85
- FADING**, 'with a fading' = the refrain of a popular song of an indecent character (*N.E.D.*); 4. 4. 195
- FAIL**, failure; 2. 3. 170; 5. 1. 27
- FANCY**, love; 4. 4. 479
- FARDEL**, bundle; 4. 4. 713
- FARRE**, old comp. of 'far'; 4. 4. 428
- FASHION**, 'of all fashion' = of all sorts (cf. *Per.* 4. 2. 84 'gentlemen of all fashions'); 3. 2. 104
- FAVOUR**, countenance, face; 5. 2. 47
- FEATLY**, gracefully; 4. 4. 176
- FEDARY**, accomplice; 2. 1. 90
- FEEDING**, lit. feeding-ground for sheep, landed property; 4. 4. 169
- FEELING**, heartfelt; 4. 2. 7
- FETCH OFF**, do for, overcome, kill; 1. 2. 334
- FIXURE**, stability; 5. 3. 67
- FLAP-DRAGON** (vb.), swallow down an object. 'Flap-dragon' was a 'play in which they catch raisins out of burning brandy and, extinguishing them by closing the mouth, eat them' (Johnson); cf. the mod. 'snap-dragon' at Christmas; 3. 3. 95
- FLATNESS**, completeness (cf. *L.L.L.* 3. 1. 100 'that's flat'); 3. 2. 122
- FLAUNTS**, ostentatious finery; 4. 4. 23

- FLAX-WENCH**, female flax-worker (as a type of coarse woman); 1. 2. 277
- PLAYED**, skinned; 4. 4. 636
- FLOWER-DE-LUCE**, iris; 4. 4. 127
- FOOTING**, (a) foothold, (b) establishment, endowment; 3. 3. 106
- FOOTMAN**, foot soldier; 4. 3. 63
- FORCED**, far-fetched, strained; 4. 4. 41
- FRANKLIN**, yeoman; 5. 2. 155
- FREE**, (i) generous; 2. 2. 44; (ii) innocent (cf. *Ham.* 2. 2. 590 'Make mad the guilty and appal the free'); 2. 3. 30; (iii) gracious, willing; 4. 4. 545
- FRIENDSHIP**, favour, friendly aid (cf. *M.V.* 1. 3. 165); 4. 2. 19
- FRONT**, (a) forehead, (b) opening period (cf. *Son.* 102 'Philomel in summer's front doth sing'); 4. 4. 3.
- GALLIMAUFY**, jumble, hotch-potch, lit. a dish of hashed odds and ends; 4. 4. 325-6
- GAP** (v. note); 4. 4. 197
- GENERATION**, offspring (cf. 'generation of vipers'); 2. 1. 148
- GEST**, lit. a stage of a royal progress or journey, hence—the time allotted for such a stage or halt; 1. 2. 41
- GILLYVOR**, clove-scented pink; 4. 4. 82
- GIVE**, consider, set down as; 3. 2. 95
- GLASS**, i.e. hour-glass; 1. 2. 306
- GLIB**, geld, castrate; 2. 1. 149
- GO ABOUT TO**, intend to; 4. 4. 217
- GOOD DEED** (adv.), indeed, in sooth; 1. 2. 42
- GOSSIP**, godparent; 2. 3. 41
- GRACE**, reputation, credit; 2. 1. 122
- GRACE TO BOOT!** v. *boot*; 1. 2. 80
- GUILTY TO**, to blame for (cf. *Err.* 3. 2. 162 'guilty to self-wrong'); 4. 4. 535
- GUST**, taste, catch the flavour of, perceive (cf. *relish*); 1. 2. 219
- HAMMER OF** (vb.), deliberate earnestly, turn a plan over in one's mind; 2. 2. 49
- HAND**, deal with, handle; 4. 4. 345
- HAND-FAST** (in), under arrest; 4. 4. 763
- HANDS**, 'to be a man of one's hands' = to be a man of vigour and courage; 5. 2. 162
- HAPPY MAN BE HIS DOLE!** Proverbial = may his dole (i.e. lot) be that of a happy man; 1. 2. 163
- HARLOT**, lewd; 2. 3. 4.
- HAVING**, property, wealth; 4. 4. 714
- HEAT**. *N.E.D.* suggests doubtfully 'to run swiftly over, as in a race'; 1. 2. 96
- HEFT**, heaving, retching (of one who vomits); 2. 1. 45
- HENR**, seize, perhaps in the sense of 'take' (= vault); 4. 3. 122
- HISTORY**, story of any kind, often (as here) = dramatic story, tragedy; 3. 2. 36
- HOMELY**, rude, uncomely; 4. 4. 330, 423
- HONEST**, chaste; 2. 3. 71
- HONESTY**, chastity; 1. 2. 288; 2. 1. 155
- HORNPIPE**, a wind instrument, said to have been so called from having the bell and mouthpiece made of horn (*N.E.D.*); 4. 3. 44
- HORSE** (vb.), set one thing upon another, suggesting a joggling motion and perhaps also the sense of 'covering' (the mare by the stallion)—a common meaning of 'horse' (v. *N.E.D.*); 1. 2. 288

HORSEMAN, mounted soldier; 4. 3.

63

Hox, hamstring; 1. 2. 244

I'FECKS, in faith. *N.E.D.* gives 'fega, feckins, feggings, fac, feck, fags, faiks, fecks' as distortions of 'fay' or 'faith' with the suffix '-kins, frequent in such trivial quasi-oaths; cf. bodykins, by'r lakin'; 1. 2. 120

IMMODEST, excessive, immoderate; 3. 2. 102

IMPORTANCE, import; 5. 2. 17

IMPOSITION. *N.E.D.* explains 'imputation, accusation, charge,' but quotes no parallel. The word implies the infliction or laying on of a burden (here the hereditary burden of original sin); in connexion with 'two lads' there is also perhaps a glance at the school-slang meaning of 'imposition,' though *N.E.D.* gives no example of this before 1746; 1. 2. 74

INCIDENCY, incident, incidental occurrence; 1. 2. 403

INFLUENCE. *Astrol.* 'the supposed flowing or streaming from the stars or heavens of an ethereal fluid acting upon the character and destiny of men, and affecting sublunary things generally' (*N.E.D.*); 1. 2. 426

INKLE, a kind of linen tape; 4. 4. 207

INSINUATE, wheedle, win by covert means; 4. 4. 729-30

INTELLIGENCING, playing the spy, acting the go-between; 2. 3. 69

ISSUE, (a) outcome, (b) exit; 1. 2. 188

JAR, tick of the clock; 1. 2. 43

JAY. In reference to women of flight character (cf. *M.W.W.* 3. 3. 39; *Cymb.* 3. 4. 51); 4. 3. 10

KILL-HOLE, or kiln-hole, a small building or hovel containing a furnace for drying grain, etc., or for making malt—a convenient place for a quiet chat; 4. 4. 244

KNACK, (i) trifle, trinket; 4. 4. 346; (ii) deceitful or crafty contrivance; 4. 4. 425

LAM-DAMN, thrash to death (v. note); 2. 1. 143

LAND-SERVICE, (a) military service, (b) 'service' = meal; 3. 3. 92

LAY IT ON, do it in good style, pile it on; 4. 3. 40

LET, permit to remain, leave behind; 1. 2. 41

LEVEL, (i) the aim of someoneshooting; 2. 3. 6; (ii) 'in the level of' = within the range of; 3. 2. 81

LIMBER, limp, flabby (v. note); 1. 2. 47

LIMIT, allotted time, prescribed period. Apparently used by Sh. alone in this sense (cf. *Meas.* 3. 1. 214 'Between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity'; *Ric. III.* 3. 3. 8 'The limit of your lives is out'; *Cor.* 2. 3. 146 'You have stood your limitation'); 3. 2. 106

LIVING, property, landed estate; 4. 3. 95

LOSS, perdition, destruction; 2. 3. 192

LOUD, windy, stormy; 3. 3. 11

LOZEL, or losel, good-for-nothing; 2. 3. 109

LUNES, tantrums, fits of lunacy (cf. *M.W.W.* 4. 2. 20, note; *Troil.* 2. 3. 139); 2. 2. 30

- MACE**, a spice consisting of the dried outer covering of the nutmeg (*N.E.D.*); 4. 3. 45
- MADE UP**, complete; 2. 1. 179
- MANKIND** (adj.), infuriated, mad. Prob. of different orig. from 'mankind' (sb.) though the two forms are confused in usage (*v. N.E.D.*); 2. 3. 68
- MANNER** or **mainour**, 'to be taken with the manner' = to be found with stolen goods upon one, hence—to be taken in the act. Manner = a term of A.F. law ('manœuvre' lit. handwork, and so—the article stolen); 4. 4. 723
- MARK**, a conspicuous object set up to direct men's steps; 4. 4. 8
- MART** (vb.), traffic; 4. 4. 349
- MATERIAL**, important; 1. 2. 216
- MEAN**, tenor (*cf. Two Gent.* 1. 2. 95); 4. 3. 43
- MEASURE**, stately walk, lit. solemn dance; 4. 4. 727
- MEDAL**, a metal disk bearing a figure or an inscription, used as a charm or trinket (*N.E.D.*); 1. 2. 307
- MEDDLER**, one who concerns himself with anything; 4. 4. 320
- MEDICINE**, physician (*cf. All's Well*, 2. 1. 72; *Macb.* 5. 2. 27); 4. 4. 584
- MESS**, (i) lit. one of the groups of persons, normally four (sitting together and helped from the same dishes), into which the company at a banquet was commonly divided; 1. 2. 227; (ii) course (of a feast); 4. 4. 11
- MILLINER**, haberdasher; 4. 4. 192
- MISSINGLY**, with a sense of loss, with distress; 4. 2. 31
- Mo**, more (in number). Formerly 'more' = more (in quantity) only; 1. 2. 8; 4. 4. 270
- MOIETY**, half; 4. 4. 803
- MORT O' TH' DEER**, the note sounded on a huntsman's horn at the death of the deer; 1. 2. 118
- MOTION**, puppet-show; 4. 3. 93
- NAYWARD**, denial; 2. 1. 64
- NEB**, beak; 1. 2. 183
- NEXT**, nearest; 3. 3. 118, 120
- NOTE** (out of my), not in my list; 4. 3. 46
- OCCASION**, opportunity; 4. 4. 823
- OFFICE**, 'stand offed' = hold office, perform a function in a royal household (*cf. All's Well*, 3. 2. 125 and *Cor.* 5. 2. 68 for 'office' (vb.) in two different senses); 1. 2. 172
- OVERTURE**, discovery, disclosure; 2. 1. 172
- O'ERWEEN**, to be arrogant or presumptuous; 4. 2. 8
- OWE**, own; 3. 2. 38
- PANTLER**, servant in charge of the pantry; 4. 4. 56
- PARCEL**, item, small quantity; 4. 4. 255
- PART**, office, duty, function; 1. 2. 400
- PARTLET** (Dame); used as the proper name of the hen in *Reynard the Fox*; 2. 3. 76
- PASH**, dial. word for 'head'. Possibly associated by Sh. with a head of cattle; 1. 2. 128
- PASSAGE**, course, procedure; 3. 2. 90
- PAY HOME**, fully repay; 5. 3. 4
- PENNYWORTH**, bargain; 4. 4. 631
- PERFECT**, certain, assured (*cf. Cymb.* 3. 1. 73); 3. 3. 1
- PERFORMED**, completed; 5. 2. 94
- PETTITORS**, trotters; 4. 4. 603
- PIECE**, work of art; 5. 1. 94; 5. 3. 38

- PIECE UP, make up; 5. 3. 56
- PIN AND WEB, name for a disease of the eye, probably characterised by a spot or excrescence like a pin's head, and a film covering the general surface; 1. 2. 291
- PINCHED, tormented, on the rack; 2. 1. 51
- PLACE, official position (esp. of a minister of state); 1. 2. 448
- PLACKET, lit. petticoat, often used in an indelicate sense (cf. *N.E.D.* 3 b); 4. 4. 242
- POINT (vb.), show, 'point forth' — indicate; 4. 4. 558
- POKING-STICK, or putting-stick, made of iron, steel or brass, and heated in the fire, for adjusting the plaits of starched ruffs; 4. 4. 226
- POMANDER, scent-ball hung about the neck; 4. 4. 595
- PONDEROUS, weighty, important; 4. 4. 521
- POST. Public notices in Sh.'s day were commonly exhibited upon posts; 3. 2. 101
- PRACTICE, plot, treason (cf. *Tew. Nt.* 5. 1. 363); 3. 2. 166
- PRANK UP, dress up in a showy manner; 4. 4. 10
- PREDOMINANT. Astrol. in the ascendant, when the 'influence' (q.v.) of the star or planet was at its greatest (v. *All's Well*, G.); 1. 2. 202
- PRESENT, immediate; 1. 2. 281; 3. 3. 4
- PRESENTLY, at once; 2. 2. 47
- PRETENCE, design, purpose (cf. *Two Gent.* 3. 1. 47; *Macb.* 2. 3. 137); 3. 2. 18
- PRIG, petty thief (rogues' cant); 4. 3. 98
- PROCESS-SERVER, officer who served writs or summonses; 4. 3. 92-3
- PROFESS, make professions of friendship or love (cf. *Jul. Caes.* 1. 2. 77 'That I profess myself in banqueting to all the rout'); 1. 2. 456
- PROFESSOR, one who makes open profession of religion, a godly person; 5. 1. 108
- PROGNOSTICATION, weather forecast for the year according to the almanac. 'Almanacs were published in Shakespeare's time under this title: "An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord, 1595"' (Malone); 4. 4. 782-3
- PROPER, own; 2. 3. 140
- PROPERLY, by right; 2. 1. 170
- PUBLISH, denounce or proclaim a person publicly as guilty of this or that; 2. 1. 98
- PUGGING. Meaning uncertain, prob. thieving or snatching (v. note); 4. 3. 7
- PURCHASE, procure; 4. 3. 27; 4. 4. 508
- PURGATION, acquittal (a theol. not a legal term; cf. *Ham.* 3. 2. 318; *A.T.L.* 1. 3. 53; 5. 4. 43); 3. 2. 7
- PUSH (vb.), thrust, strike; 3. 2. 2
- PUSH (sb.), pressure of events, a critical juncture; 'upon this push' = at this pinch; 5. 3. 129
- PUSH ON, press forward, urge on; 2. 1. 179
- PUT FORTH (fig. from sprouting of plants), appear, expose oneself; 1. 2. 254
- PUTTER-ON, instigator; 2. 1. 141
- PUT TO IT, force one to do one's utmost, drive to extremities; 1. 2. 16
- QUALIFY, moderate, appease; 2. 1. 113; 4. 4. 529

- QUESTION, conversation; 4. 2.  
47
- QUICK, alive; 4. 4. 132
- QUOIF, 'a tight-fitting cap following the shape of the head, banded in front with one or two rolls of coloured or gold tissue, finishing at the back in a fall that reached to the shoulders, and worn far back so as to show off the hair' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 97); 4. 4. 224
- RACE (of ginger), root; 4. 3. 46
- RAISE, arouse; 2. 1. 198
- RAISINS O' TH' SUN, sun-dried grapes; 4. 3. 48
- RASH, swift in operation (cf. 2 *Hen. IV.*, 4. 4. 48 'Though it doth work as strong/As aconitum or rash gun-powder'); 1. 2. 319
- REBELLION, (a) revulsion of feeling or desire; cf. *All's Well*, G., (b) revolt in the political sense; 1. 2. 355
- RED, flushed; 4. 4. 54
- REHEARSE, tell, narrate; 5. 2. 60
- RELATION, narrative; 5. 3. 130
- RELISH, lit. taste or have a taste, hence—(i) perceive; 2. 1. 167, (ii) prove appetising, be acceptable; 5. 2. 120
- REFRESHED, complete, perfect (cf. *Ric. III.*, 4. 3. 18 'The most replenished sweet work of nature'); 2. 1. 79
- REQUIRE, need, demand by right, deserve; 2. 3. 190; 3. 2. 63
- RESPECTING, in comparison with; 5. 1. 35
- REVOLTED, unfaithful (cf. *Tw. Nt.* G.); 1. 2. 199
- RHEUM, lit. morbid defluxion of the humours, rheumatism (cf. *Meas.* 3. 1. 31 'the gout, serpigo, and the rheum'); 4. 4. 396
- RIFT (vb.), split; 5. 1. 66
- ROUND (vb.), whisper secretly; 1. 2. 217
- ROVER, lit. pirate. Leontes perhaps means 'scamp'; 1. 2. 176
- SAFFRON, orange-red product consisting of the dried stigmas of the autumnal crocus, used chiefly for colouring confectionery, liquors, etc. and for flavouring; formerly extensively used in medicine as a cordial and a sudorific (*N.E.D.*); 4. 3. 44
- SALTIER, blunder for 'satyr'; 4. 4. 324
- SAVORY, a garden herb for flavouring food, akin to thyme; 4. 4. 104
- SCAPE, breach of chastity, cf. Wilson, *Rhetorique*, 1553, 'maidens that have made a scape are commonly called to be nurses'; 3. 3. 71
- SCOUR, hurry; 2. 1. 35
- SECOND, 'to be second to' = to lend support to; 2. 3. 27
- SEEMING, comeliness; 4. 4. 75
- SEIZE, confiscate; 2. 3. 137
- SERVICE, v. *land-service*; 3. 3. 92
- SESSION, or SESSIONS, a judicial sitting of a judge or judges to determine causes, a judicial trial or investigation (*N.E.D.*); 2. 3. 202; 3. 2. 1
- SHE, (i) female, woman; 1. 2. 44; (ii) mistress, love; 4. 4. 346
- SILLY, trifling, petty; 4. 3. 28
- SINGULARITIES, rarities; 5. 3. 12
- SITTING, interview, reception; 4. 4. 558
- SKILL, (i) craft, design; 2. 1. 166; (ii) ground, course; 4. 4. 152
- SLEEVE-HAND, wrist-band, cuff; 4. 4. 209
- SLIPPERY, unchaste, licentious; 1. 2. 273

**SNEAP**, nip or pinch with cold; 1. 2.

13

**SOAKING**, absorbent, sucking up; 1.

2. 224

**SOLELY** (adj.), alone; 2. 3. 17

**SOME**, about, nearly; 2. 1. 145

**SPEED**, fortune, hap; 3. 2. 144

**SPICE**, slight taste, a touch, a sample; 3. 2. 183

**SPRINGE**, trap; 4. 3. 35

**SQUARE** (sb.), embroidered yoke of a garment; 4. 4. 210

**SQUARE** (vb.), regulate, frame, direct (by some standard or principle of action); 3. 3. 41; 5. 1. 52

**SQUASH**, unripe peaspod (applied humorously or in contempt to a person, cf. *Tw. Nt.* 1. 5. 157); 1. 2. 160

**SQUIER**, foot-rule; 4. 4. 336

**STARRED**. Astrol. fated; 3. 2. 99

**STILL** (adj.), continual; 3. 2. 211

**STOMACHER**, 'ornamental covering for the chest (often covered with jewels) worn by women under the lacing of the bodice' (*N.E.D.*); 4. 4. 224

**STRAIN**, to violate the spirit of one's oath or the strict requirements of one's conscience (*N.E.D.* 11 b); 3. 2. 50

**STRAIT** (vb.), put to it, reduce to straits; 4. 4. 351

**STRANGE**, (a) exceptional, (b) alien, not of one's kin; 2. 3. 179

**STRANGELY**, 'as though it were of alien birth' (*Moorman*); 2. 3. 182

**STRIKE**. Astrol. blast, destroy by malign influence (cf. *Ham.* 1. 1. 162 'then no planets strike'); 1. 2. 201

**STUFFED**, full; 2. 1. 185

**SUBJECT**, i.e. the subjects of a king, the nation as a whole (cf. *Ham.* 1. 1. 72 'nightly toils the subject of the land'); 1. 1. 37

**SUDDENLY**, at once, very speedily;

2. 3. 200

**SUFFICIENCY**, ability; 2. 1. 185

**TABLE-BOOK** or tables, note-book;

4. 4. 595

**TAKE**, bewitch, charm; 4. 4. 119

**TAKE IN**, take prisoner, conquer; 4. 4. 574

**TAKE UP**, (i) cope with, (ii) rebuke; 3. 3. 87

**TALL**, bold, courageous; 5. 2. 162

**TARDY**, (vb.) delay; 3. 2. 161

**TAWDRY-LACE**, a silk 'lace' or neck-tie much worn by women in the 16th and early 17th cents., so called because St Audrey (St Etheldreda) died of a tumour in her throat which she regarded as a just retribution for the vanity of the splendid necklaces worn in her youth. Such tawdry-laces were bought in large numbers at the annual fair of St Etheldreda at Ely; 4. 4. 248

**TELL**, count; 4. 4. 184

**TEMPT**, make approaches to, make trial of; 2. 2. 50

**THREE-MAN SONG-MEN**, i.e. singers of 'three-man-songs' or lively and convivial trios for male voices. *N.E.D.* quotes Heywood, 1st Part Ed. IV, Works, 1874, i. 51 'Weele have a three-man song, to make our guests merry.' Sometimes called 'freeman's songs'; 4. 3. 41-2

**THREE-PILE**, 'the most expensive kind of velvet, cut in three heights' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 102, cf. *Meas.* 1. 2. 33; 4. 3. 9); 4. 3. 14

**TIME**, 'in good time.' An expression with a variety of meanings, here used indignantly — well, I never! that's good! 4. 4. 163

- TOAZE**, lit. comb out (wool, etc.), hence—elicit by close examination. *N.E.D.* quotes 'toze your conscience' (1633), 'spurious expositions... upon the scriptures in his tedious tozing of them' (1648); 4. 4. 730
- TOD** (vb.), yield a tod or 28 lbs. of wool; 4. 3. 33
- TOUCH**, reach to, attain; 2. 1. 176
- TOY**, trifle, a thing of no substance; 3. 3. 39
- TREMOR CORDIS**, palpitation of the heart; 1. 2. 110
- TRICK**, (i) characteristic expression of the face or voice; 2. 3. 101; (ii) puppet, toy, trifle (cf. *Shrew*, 4. 3. 67 'A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap'); 2. 1. 51
- TROLL-MY-DAMES**, or Troll-madam, a game for ladies, something like bagatelle, in which balls were 'trolled' through arches set upon a board; 4. 3. 85
- TRUMPERY**, lit. deceitful stuff, hence—rubbish; 4. 4. 594
- TRUNK-WORK**, 'secret or clandestine actions, as by means of a trunk' (*N.E.D.*). Cf. Iachimo's trunk in *Cymb.*; 3. 3. 73
- TUG**, contend, strive, cf. *Macb.* 3. 1. 112 'tugg'd with fortune'; 4. 4. 494
- TURTLE**, turtle-dove; 4. 4. 154
- TYRANNOUS**, cruel; 2. 3. 28
- TYRANT**, cruel monster; 2. 3. 116
- UNBRAIDED**, i.e. new, not shop-soiled. *N.E.D.* gives 'Braided wares: goods that have changed colour, become tarnished, faded'; 4. 4. 203
- UNCURRENT**, out of the ordinary, unfashionable; 3. 2. 49
- UNDERGO**, undertake; 2. 3. 164
- UNROOSTED**, knocked off one's perch; 2. 3. 75
- UNSPHERE** (the stars), remove from their orbits (cf. *M.N.D.* 2. 1. 153-4 'certain stars shot madly from their spheres/To hear the sea-maid's music') 'A reference to the Ptolemaic system, wherein the moon and the stars were supposed to be fixed in hollow crystalline spheres, which were made to revolve by the highest sphere, the *primum mobile*, and in their revolutions of varying velocity made music' (Furness); 1. 2. 48
- UNTHRIFTY TO**, not eager to increase; 5. 2. 109
- USE**, profit, advantage; 3. 1. 14
- UTTER**, set in circulation; 4. 4. 321
- VAST** (sb.), boundless and desolate space (of sea), cf. *Per.* 3. 1. 1 'Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges'; 1. 1. 28
- VIRGINALLING**, touching lightly with the fingers (as if playing upon the virginals). Cf. *Son.* 128 'those jacks that nimble leap To kiss the tender inward of thy hand'; 1. 2. 125
- VULGARS**, common people; 2. 1. 94
- WAG**, a merry or mischievous boy; 1. 2. 66
- WAGGON**, chariot; 4. 4. 118
- WAKES**, 'the local annual festival of an English parish observed (originally on the feast of the patron saint of the church) as an occasion for making holiday, entertainment of friends, and often for village sports, dancing and other amusements' (*N.E.D.*); 4. 3. 99



- WARD, attitude taken up by a fencer to protect himself from a blow; 1. 2. 33
- WARDEN PIE, i.e. a pie made of Warden pears or apples, so called after the Cistercian Abbey of Warden in Bedfordshire (v. *Sh. Eng.* i. 372); 4. 3. 45
- WARP, shrink, change aspect, become distorted; 1. 2. 365
- WEAK-HINGED, crazy, rickety (v. note); 2. 3. 119
- WEATHER-BITTEN, weather-worn; 5. 2. 53
- WEEDS, clothes; 4. 4. 1
- WELKIN (adj.), sky-blue; 1. 2. 136
- WELL TO LIVE, well-to-do (cf. *M.V.* 2. 2. 49); 3. 3. 115
- WHISTLE, talk secretly, whisper (v. *N.E.D.* 10); 4. 4. 244
- WILD, headstrong; 2. 1. 182
- WIND, one of the four points of the compass (v. note); 1. 1. 29
- WINK, sleep; 1. 2. 317
- WOE, cry of woe, lamentation; 3. 2. 208
- WOMAN-TIRED, henpecked; 2. 3. 75
- WORTH, anything that gives value, hence—rank; 5. 1. 214
- YEAST, foam or froth; 3. 3. 91

